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No. 1234.

THIS is a curious Number for a periodical above a daily issue. One, two, three, four! One is a nervous number. By the time of one, two—*alias* 12—we are getting firm in the saddle, and (like a jockey whose start is so good that he feels pretty sure of running a fair winning race) looking complacently about at the public, a little more at our ease. By the date of one, two, three—*alias* 123—there is nothing but liveliness and vitality; we are in full force, swinging away like giants refreshed, and fancying that there will never be an end to our vigorous course. One, two, three, four—*alias* 1234—we ought to be steadier as we are older, wiser as we are more experienced, and not less hopeful and healthful, though a few years have passed over our heads. Well, it is for the public to judge, and we have no cause to complain.

But the retrospect and the prospect may be worthy of a few words. A.D. 1817 witnessed the *début* of No. 1 of the *Literary Gazette*, an entirely new experiment in the periodical literature of England; in which it soon happily established a character and influence which have not departed from it.

Growing up, it reached No. 12 in the same year; and within three years, *naturally*, advanced to No. 123.

No. 1234, at the distance of three-and-twenty years, has seen many striking changes, observed thousands and tens of thousands of novelties in literature and the arts, mighty improvements in sciences, and prodigious alterations in every thing. Still we are well satisfied; so well that we begin to look forward to our next figure,—we mean No. 12345!! We trust our readers will all abide by us till then. It is not very much to add only one figure more to our long and agreeable connexion. *Only two hundred and thirteen years and thirty-five odd weeks!* Somewhere about the middle of the year 2054; though it is not easy to predict what sort of a world it will be then.

At the same distance of time behind us, viz. 1636, a wise king, James I., reigned, (or rather had lately ceased to reign) in England; who knows but another wise monarch may, though it is not likely, be reigning when our No. 12,345 is published? It is painful to think that, as there was no *Literary Gazette* in those days, there may not be one in the equidistant future. At any rate we do not expect to be editor, or Moyes and Barclay printers, or Scripps (already venerable) publisher. The Longmans may have had their day, and the Colburns be almost forgotten. Paternoster Row may be a railroad, with St. Paul's as a booking-place; Great Marlborough Street an obscure alley; and the site of our own office, near Waterloo Bridge (supposing the Thames not to have been drained), a balloon station.

Perhaps some antiquary, fond of old trifles, may fall in with this page, and illustrate it with notes in some little read repository; or even, wondering at his discovery, print an essay, *reliquie or nugæ antique*, on the subject. We thank him *now, a priori*, because we should not like the sin of ingratitude to be laid upon our heads. And we beg to inform him, and through him the posterity that shall succeed the eight or nine generations which have passed away between us (passed away, and are remembered only as a dark intervening space and succession of nameless beings), that we wrote this paper, after dinner, on the eve of departure for Glasgow, in Scotland, where there was about to be assembled a congregation of persons who have met annually for the last nine years, under the title of the "British Association for the Advancement of Science" and that if he dig carefully into the records which may happen to have escaped the ravages of time, respecting the proceedings of this august (this year September) Institution, he may bring to light many things worthy of his research, and the applause of his fellow antiquaries.

But, alas! we have wandered from our direct line of subject, and our ideas are confused and rambling. There are the electric telegraph and the indomitable Wheatstone, the last glass of champagne and the transit to the north, the transit of one of Jupiter's satellites and the

glorious voyage now making (Heaven give it prosperity!) by Captain James Ross to the Southern Pole, the magnetism of the Scottish Highlands and the whole terrestrial *détail* of Sabine (for which, large as it is, we would not exchange the former); the hospitalities of Glasgow with bailies like Nicol Jarvie and honest citizens like his father "afore him"; the cradle of Scotch manufacturing enterprise and its honourable results, increasing wealth, knowledge, and spirit; the Breadalbane, a powerful chief of the Campbells presiding, near a million of looms, over the peaceful and friendly intercommunication of improvements in the arts and sciences most precious to civilised man; the Clyde and Thames, united by a few hours of magic transport in the noblest of steamers—the grand "Monarch" of the General Steam Navigation Company,—the annihilation of space and time—But halt! if time and space were annihilated, what is the use of our troubling ourselves to tell these things to our antiquarian friend of A.D. 2054? he will be quite as well informed as, at this period, is his, and (barbarous style for 1840) the reader hereof's, wellwisher—The Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Thames and its Tributaries. By Charles Mackay. 1840. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

IN the midst of wars and rumours of wars, of dry science and drier philosophy, of mechanics and steam, of manufacturing and shipping, of every-day occupation, business, and turmoil, it is most pleasing to walk out with a companion like Mr. Mackay, loiter with him up the lanes and through the green fields, saunter along the river-side, and peer into every object of art and nature, near, which can court the contemplation of intelligent minds. His volumes are, indeed, very agreeable and refreshing. There is no poring over insignificant and trifling things; no dwelling upon objects of small or even of larger interest; but a fine vein of observation, minute enough in description, and lighting up into feeling and poetry when solicited by greatness or beauty, runs through and vivifies the whole.

The papers occupying the first half of the first volume have already appeared, and been deservedly popular, in "Bentley's Miscellany." They extend the rambles from London Bridge to Hampton Court: all the rest is new, and, after ascending to the source of the Thames, returns to the old starting-place, explores the river thence down to the Nore, and then does as much for its chief tributary, the Medway, and concludes with a retrospect of frost fairs on the Thames.

Whilst we advise readers of every class to recreate themselves with Mr. Mackay's book, we must not deny our distant friends, many of them "groaning and sweating" under tropic skies, the gratification of a glance back at native land, as sweetly pictured by his pen. It is no matter where we dip,—Open sesame! We fall into a charming country, and it leads us to an interesting memoir:—

"The village of Mickleham, at the foot of Boxhill, is a sweet rural spot, with a modest and venerable church. To the man who delights in recollections of the past, it offers few attractions; but to the man who wishes to enjoy the present, there cannot be many more attractive spots in all England. Norbury Park, adjoining, is one of the finest seats in the county. The river Mole runs through the grounds; and although occasionally, in very

hot weather, its channel is almost dry, it generally contains sufficient water to be the most pleasing ornament of the landscape. The views from the windows of the dwelling-house are exceedingly beautiful; and the walls of the saloon, painted by Barrett, are so managed as to appear a continuation of the prospect. About three miles to the south-east rises Boxhill, nearly five hundred feet above the level of the Mole, and from whence the windings of the river may be traced for many miles. Just below is seen the solemn-looking town of Dorking, with the commanding eminence of Leith Hill, about six miles beyond it. To the right, the range of hills leading to Guildford and Farnham; and on the left, Betchworth, Reigate, and all that beautiful country. Descending this hill, we cross the Mole and arrive at Dorking. This little town, famous for its poultry and butter, has a remarkably neat and clean appearance. It is situate on a tract of soft sandy rock-stone, in which cellars are dug, noted for their extreme coolness, and very valuable for the preservation of wine. These cellars are very numerous. The most remarkable is on the side of an eminence called Butter Hill, the descent to which is by a sort of staircase, containing upwards of fifty steps. Dorking is mentioned in the 'Domesday Survey,' and is said to have been destroyed by the Danes, and rebuilt in the time of William the Conqueror. The manor is now the property of the Duke of Norfolk, and the church is one of the burial-places of that noble family. A curious custom prevails, or until very lately did prevail here, that if the father dies intestate, the youngest son succeeds to the estate. This custom is stated, with great probability, to have arisen in the feudal ages, when the barons were free to claim and enforce that detestable right of passing the first night with the newly married bride of any of their vassals; the 'respectable *droit de jarnage*,' as the French songster calls it in his admirable satire, entitled the 'Projects of a good old Baron.' It does not appear that the right was often enforced; it was too atrocious, and affronted the common sense of even the feudal age. The good people of Dorking were, however, quite right in taking the means they did, to insure their estates to their own offspring. The stranger at Dorking will find much to interest him; the walks in the neighbourhood are fine and the air bracing. But the ramble among the hills over the Hog's-back, to Guildford, is the most delightful of all. We now lose sight of the Mole, and approach its pleasant sister, the Wey; less beautiful, it is true, and passing through a country less picturesque, but still worthy of a visit, and offering many reminiscences to the man who takes pleasure in local histories and traditions. The distance is not above eight miles between the Mole and the Wey, and the road is for the most part on a beautiful ridge, from which, at every turn, some pleasant view may be obtained. Guildford is situated upon the Wey, and its antiquities alone afford ample materials for a volume. It has a solemn and venerable air—a demure grace about it, which bespeak it as a place that was once of historical importance. It contains

three parish churches.—Trinity, St. Mary, and St. Nicholas. Great part of the first-mentioned fell down in 1745, but was afterwards rebuilt. It contains several monuments, by far the most remarkable of which is to the memory of a very remarkable man, a native of the town, George Abbot, who was Archbishop of Canterbury at the commencement of the seventeenth century. He was the son of a poor cloth-worker of Guildford, and had five brothers, most of whom rose to distinction; one, Robert, being Bishop of Salisbury; and the youngest, Maurice, Lord-mayor of London, and the first person who received the honour of knighthood from King Charles the First. A singular story is told of the cause of the good fortune of these brothers. When the mother was five or six months advanced in pregnancy with George, she dreamed that an angel appeared to her, and told her that if she caught a jack in the river Wey, and ate it, the child in the womb would be a boy, who would rise to the highest dignities in the state. The poor woman told her dream to her neighbours, and was advised to try and catch a jack in the river, and see what would come of it. She paid no attention to the advice; but, some days afterwards, as she let down a pail into the stream to procure water for domestic uses, she, to her great surprise and delight, brought up a very fine jack, which, says the story, 'she cooked for her dinner that very day.' When her son was born, all the gossips of Guildford looked upon the promise of the dream as half accomplished, and amused themselves by speculating whether the greatness of the 'little stranger' would be achieved in the law, the church, or the army. The circumstance being the general topic of conversation in the county, two gentlemen of wealth and station offered to stand sponsors for the child, and look to his future fortunes, if they found him worthy. He was found worthy. He made great progress in his studies, and conducted himself most creditably in every situation in which he was placed. He was sent to the University of Oxford, where he distinguished himself as one of the first scholars of the time. His mother's dream was producing its good effect; the fire of ambition was kindled in his soul; and being endowed with genius, and with another quality which is often a great deal more valuable—perseverance, he rose gradually to renown and advancement. In 1599, being then in his thirty-seventh year, he was made Dean of Winchester; and in the year following, Vice-chancellor of the University of Oxford. He was one of the divines employed in the reign of King James in the new translation of the Bible, and by the interest of his friends, the Earls of Dorset and Dunbar, was advanced to the dignity of Bishop of Lichfield. He was shortly translated to the see of London, and lastly, in 1611, to the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury, which he occupied for twenty-two years. It was chiefly by his interest that his brother attained a dignity almost equal to his own; and that another brother, Madrice, established himself as a merchant in London, where the highest honour that his fellow-citizens could bestow was conferred upon him. Many persons have treated this story as apocryphal. Without entering the lists either for or against it, we can only say, that marvellous as it appears, it is not improbable. Predictions are very often the cause of their own fulfilment. Many circumstances as trifling as this dream of a jack have had a powerful influence upon the fate of men who have achieved greatness. Many, perchance, if we knew the secret

history of their hearts, might have remained sluggards or quite inert, and never have achieved greatness at all, if it had not been for the fond prediction of some doting mother or nurse, enraptured with their ruddy cheeks and their curly hair. Who can deny, that to a youth of high capacity, the prophecy of his pre-ferment would lead him in after-life to struggle for it? There have been many such instances both before and since the time of George Abbot. Guildford abounds in reminiscences of this prelate."

Again we dip :—

"It was to Chertsey that the poet Cowley retired in a fit of disgust at the unmerited neglect of royalty. Hope deferred had made his heart sick; he had taken a physician's degree, and fully qualified himself for the office of master of the Hospital of the Savoy, which had been promised him both by Charles the First and Charles the Second, but his claims were passed over at the Restoration. In a querulous poem, written at this time, he says,—

'Kings have long hands, they say, and though I be
So distant, that may reach at length to me!'

Broad as was the hint, the court took no notice of him. To add to his vexation, his old and favourite comedy of 'The Guardian,' which he had remodelled, under the title of 'Cutter of Coleman Street,' and produced upon the stage, was treated with great severity, and alleged by his enemies to be a satire upon that court from which he still expected favours. He was taunted at the same time in some satirical verses, on the choice of a laureate, as the 'Savoy-missing Cowley, making apologies for his bad play;' and as the author, and, still worse, the printer of those pitiful verses, inscribed to 'His Melancholy.' The desire of solitude came strongly upon him; he pretended that he was weary of the 'hum of men,' satiated with the vile arts of courtly life, and anxious to inhale the fresh breezes of the fields, and to live a life of study and seclusion, among hills, and woods, and pleasant streams. He, therefore, withdrew from London; first to Barnes Elms, where he caught a violent cold that never left him, and then to Chertsey. But 'O fallacem hominum spem!' he carried with him into his retirement the discontent which is the bane of society, and, in a still greater degree, that of seclusion; he forgot that happiness was in the mind, and not in circumstances; and the consequence was, that he was more miserable than before. He had changed all the habits of his previous life, and was too old to acquire new ones; he had left his former friends, and was too morose and unaccommodating, too ill at ease within himself, to take the trouble of attracting others, and he pined away daily. In a letter to Dr. Sprat, quoted by Dr. Johnson, as a warning to all those who may pant for solitude, while led away by florid and poetical descriptions of its charms, he says that the first night he settled in Chertsey he caught a violent cold that confined him to his chamber for ten days; and that he afterwards bruised his ribs by a fall in his fields, which rendered it difficult for him to turn in his bed. He could get no money from his tenants, and his meadows were eaten up every night by cattle turned in to prey upon him by his neighbours. After a discontented residence of two years, during which, however, he composed his two last 'Books of Plants,' and planned several other works, he died of a violent defluxion and stoppage in the throat, which he caught by staying too long in the evening among his haymakers in the meadows. Charles the Second, true to the character so well and

wittily bestowed upon him, of 'never doing a wise thing, nor ever saying a foolish one,' neglected Cowley, and broke his repeated promises to him during his life; but said, on the news of his death reaching him, 'That Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England.' And this was the poet's reward—not worth having, even had it not been posthumous! The house where Cowley died still exists. It is called the Porch House, from its former projecting entrance. The late Alderman Clark, of London, long inhabited the place, and took great care to preserve it. The porch was taken away by his direction, but the following inscription, now placed over the door, explains the cause of the alteration. 'The porch of this house, which projected ten feet into the highway, was taken down, in the year 1786, for the safety and accommodation of the public.' Immediately underneath is the quotation from Pope :—

'Here the last accents flowed from Cowley's tongue.'

Every where we meet with equally mingled reminiscences and interesting matter :—

"Egham races are annually held here in the beginning of September, and are thought by many to have originally given name to this famous meadow. The name of Runny, or Running-mead, may or may not have been applied to it as a race-course. Horse-racing was practised to some extent in England prior to the reign of King John; as we learn, from Fitz-stephens's account of London in the time of Henry II., that Smithfield was a great market for fine horses, and that races not unfrequently took place in London. Returning towards Egham we cross the bridge connecting it with the populous town of Staines in Middlesex. The name is generally allowed to be derived from the Saxon *staine* or stone; but whether from the stone which marks the jurisdiction of the lord-mayor of London upon the Thames, or from the old Roman milliarium which is plausibly conjectured to have stood near the same spot, is still a matter of dispute. Traces of a Roman road passing through Staines have been discovered. The London stone is still remaining, and is a remarkable piece of antiquity. It stands northward of the bridge, near the junction of the little river Colne, and bears on a moulding round the upper part the inscription, 'God preserve the city of London—A.D. 1280.' Before the time of Richard I. the jurisdiction of the magistracy of London over the Thames was supposed to extend westward as far as the river bore that name, but by a charter granted in the eighth year of that monarch's reign, it was attempted to define the limits with more accuracy. Although Staines was not mentioned either in this charter or in that of King John, it was generally considered as the extreme western limit of the lord mayor's jurisdiction. Several attempts were made to extend it towards Oxford; but the corporation met with so much opposition, that they at last relinquished the claim, and were content to allow custom to stand instead of law.

"Proceeding up the Thames from Windsor and Eton, towards Maidenhead, Marlow, and Henley, we approach that part of the river which is universally allowed to be the most lovely of all its course. From Cotteswold down to the sea it presents no scenes equal in rural loveliness to these. Its banks, if not lofty, are high enough to be imposing, and are altogether sylvan and beautiful, offering, it is true, no rocks, no mountains, no torrents, to the gaze of the traveller; but, instead, pellucid waters,

verdurous hills, and solemn woodlands, with here and there glimpses of waving corn-fields and pasture-lands dotted with cattle. Here, at all seasons, may be seen the Eton scholars, fishing, or rowing, or bathing, as the weather invites; and many, perchance, like their predecessor, the old and now neglected poet, Phineas Fletcher, learning to 'weave the rhyme.' Fletcher, the author of 'The Purple Island,' a poem upon the anatomy of the human frame, and a remarkable specimen of talents misapplied, wrote several lyrical pieces upon the pleasures of angling. He was bred at Eton, and thus, in his first 'Piscatory Eclogue,' describes the pleasures of the school-boys there in the days of Elizabeth:—

'When the raw blossom of my youth was yet
In my first childhood's green enclosure bound,
Of Aquadune I learned to fold my net,
And spread the sail, and beat the river round,
And with labyrinthine straits to set,
Or guide my boat where Thames and Isis' fair
By lowly Eton glides, and Windsor proudly fair.
There, while our thin nets dangling in the wind,
Hung on our oar-tops, I did learn to sing,
Among my peers, apt wots to filly bind
In numerous verse; witness thou crystal spring
Where all the lads were pebbles wont to find,
And yon thick hazels that on Thames' brink
Did oft with dallying boughs his silver waters drink.'

"Bisham Abbey, on the opposite bank, stands close to the water's edge, and was formerly occupied by, and is still the property of, Lord Bexley. This abbey was one of those suppressed by Henry VIII., who retained it for a time for his own residence. One of the rooms in it goes by the name of Queen Elizabeth's Council Chamber, from the supposition that she occasionally resided here after her accession. The truth is, however, that in her time Bisham Abbey was no longer royal property, having been granted by Edward VI. to the Hoby family. It is curious to note how fond the populace are of connecting the name of some great personage with the spots they themselves inhabit. Many of these traditions set probability at defiance, yet will they linger in the popular mind, and no refutation can eradicate them. Thus the people of Bisham believe to this day that Queen Elizabeth resided among them, and insist, notwithstanding the opinion of all the world to the contrary, that she died no maid. They point out in their church a small monument with the sculptured figures of two children, which they assert was erected by that princess, in memory of twins, of which she was delivered in that village. Of course they are but the old women of both sexes who believe this story; but it has been current for nearly two centuries and a half."

[To be continued.]

Speculi Britanniae Pars: an Historical and Chorographical Description of the County of Essex, by John Norden, 1594. Edited from the Original Manuscript in the Marquess of Salisbury's Library at Hatfield, by Sir Henry Ellis. London, 1840. Printed for the Camden Society.

We find this thin volume rather a dry chip in the plum porridge of the Camden; and so local as hardly, we think, worthy to have merited their publication, or the editing of Sir H. Ellis,—though, in truth, he has not bestowed his usual painstaking and intelligence upon it. A map of old Essex, and mere tables of places and proprietors, though perhaps of individual, cannot be of general interest. An introduction contains a brief memoir of John Norden, on which much research does not appear to have been wanted; and from the notices of London, &c. in his time, we select a few passages which, by

the contrast their descriptions afford to ours, may amuse the reader and exemplify the better portions of the volume. In Norden's "Speculum" (Part I. Middlesex, published 1593), Sir H. Ellis finds and quotes the following:—

"Of Osterley (now Lord Jersey's residence) he says, 'The place where the howse standeth was a ferme howse, purchased by the seyd Sir Thomas Gresham, graced now with a howse beseming a prince.' Under Pancras, 'And although this place be as it were forsaken of all, and true men seldome frequent the same but upon devyne occasions, yet is it visyted and usually haunted of roages, vagabondes, harlettes, and theeves, who assemble not ther to pray, but to wayte for praye; and manie fall into their hands clothed, that are glad when they are escaped naked. Walke not ther too late. Thistleworth, or Istleworth, li. 12, a place scituat upon the Thamise. Not farr from whence, betwene it and Worton, is a copper and brasse myll; where it is wrought out of the oar, melted, and forged. The oar, or earth, whereof it is contrived, is brought out of Somersetshire, from Mendipp; the most from a place called Worley Hill. The carriage is by wayne, which can not but be very chargeable. The workmen make plates both of copper and brasse of all scyes little and great, thick and thyn, for all purposes. They make also kyttles. Their furnace and forge are blown with great bellows, rayseed with the force of the water and suppressed agayne with a great poyes and weyght. And the hammers wherwith they worke their plates are very great and weightie, some of them of wrought and beaten iron, some of cast iron, of 200, 300, some 400 weight, which hammers so massyve are lifted up by an artificall engine, by the force of the water, in that altogether semblable to the Iron myll hammers. They have snippers wherwith they synnye and pare their plates, which snippers being also of a huge greatnes, farr beyond the powr of man to use, are so artifically placed, and such ingenious devises therunto added, that by the mocon of the water also the snippers open and shut and performe that with great facility, which ells were very harde to be done.'"

And enumerating the bridges of most use in the country, he thus specifies:—

"Kingsbridge, comonly called Stone Bridge nere Hyde parke corner, wher I wish noe true man to walke too late without good garde, unless he can make his partie good, as dyd S^r H. Knyvet, knight, who valiantly defended himselfe, ther being assalted, and slwe the master theefe with his own handes."

Of the memoir, the following is the passage most pertinent to the part now edited, and to our purpose; and so we conclude with copying it:—

"Gough says, that Norden wrote an Account of the Estates of the Duchy of Cornwall, the right by which the Duke holds his estates, and many of the customs of the manors, which was once reposit in the Duchy Office. Other surveys of English counties, prepared by Norden, but never published, were those of Essex (which forms the subject of the present volume); Kent, which Gough ('Brit. Top.' i. 441) assures us still exists in manuscript; and Surrey. 'A survey of this county,' says Rawlinson ('Engl. Topogr.' p. 228), 'was drawn up by John Norden, which fell into the hands of a curious Hollander, who gave generously for it, soon after the Restoration, when it was offered to sale, as the notes of an eminent antiquary tell me. The map for this work was

drawn by Mr. Norden, engraved by Charles Whitwell, at the expense of Mr. Robert Nicolson, Gent., and is much larger, more exact, and curious than any of his former maps. In it are the arms of Sir William Waude, Kt., Mr. Nicolson, and those of Isabella, countess-dowager of Rutland, who died in 1605.' Dr. Rawlinson shewed this map to the Society of Antiquaries, as appears by their minutes, in 1746. The maps designed by Norden, of Hampshire, Hertfordshire, Kent, Middlesex, Surrey, and Sussex, appeared upon an enlarged scale, with his name, in the sixth edition of Camden's 'Britannia,' fol. Lond. 1607, the first edition of the 'Britannia' which had maps. The same counties, with the exception of Kent, but with Cornwall added, appeared upon a still larger scale, augmented by Speed, in his 'Theatre of the Empire of Great Britaine,' fol. Lond. 1611. In a 'Portfolio of Topography' in the British Museum is a map of 'Hampshire,' in folio, of a smaller size than either of those in Camden or Speed, at the bottom of which are the words 'Johes Norden descriptit,' published by Overton; Peter Stent's name, as the previous publisher, having been erased. Hearne, in a letter dated Sept. 26th, 1727, states that in his time this map was rarely to be seen. Beside a map of the county, Norden's Middlesex contains separate plans of London and Westminster. That of London has the arms of the twelve companies at the sides. Gough ('Brit. Top.' i. 747) says, 'It reaches from St. Catherine's E. to Leicester House W., which was without Temple Bar, with a description of all the outlets or ways into the fields; and at that time Shrewsbury House, next on this side to the Old Swan, was in being. This was first engraved 1593, but has since fallen into the hands of Peter Stent,* who added the names of churches, streets, lanes, &c., with letters and figures of reference, which are inserted in the last edition of the book, 1723, and were copied into the map of Middlesex, 1611, by Speed.' Gough adds, 'There is another copy of Norden's map of London, by Pieter Vanden Keere, engraver, 1623, where in Norden's name is retained, and the title is 'A Guide for Countrymen in the famous Citiey of London, by the helpe of which plot they shall be able to know now farr it is to any street, as also to go unto the same without forder trouble. A. 1613.' Norden published also a view of London in eight sheets, having at bottom a representation of the lord-mayor's show, all on horseback, and the aldermen in round caps. Bagford says, this view is singular, and was taken from the pitch of the hill towards Dulwich College, going to Camberwell from London, about 1604 or 1606, and that he had not met with any other of the kind. He adds, that he saw it on the staircase at Dulwich College, and that Secretary Pepys went afterwards to see it, and would have purchased it, but that since it is quite decayed and destroyed by the damp of the wall. It was given to the College with the library, by William Cartwright, an eminent comedian and bookseller, a friend of the founder's.' Norden's maps of his own publication are the first in which the roads were inserted. In his Middlesex he marks eleven different roads from London. His maps, as published by Camden and Speed, have no roads. Among the surveys made by Norden, not so much of a topographical as a professional kind, which remain in manuscript, one of the most splendid is the

* Later printers added the E. and W. views pasted at the sides, and called it 'The Countrymen's Travelling Guide through the City of London,' with figures engraved 1, 2, A, B, but seldom added dates.—Bagford, p. lxviii.

Harleian volume, 3749, on vellum, in large folio. 'A Description of the Honour of Windsor, namely, of the Castle, Foreste, Walkes, Parkes, Rayles, Lodges, Townes, Parishes, Hamletts, Howses of Note, Woodes, Riueres, Rilles, Brookes, Bridges, Hill, Highwaies, and all other things memorable, within or belonging unto the saide Honor and the Liberties of the same, lyinge within, and extending into the Counties of Bark(C, Surrey, and Buckingham, taken and performed by the perambulation, view, and delineation, of John Norden. In Anno 1607.'

* Suavis post laborem finis."

Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest, &c. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 431. London, 1840. Colburn.

MISS STRICKLAND goes on faithfully and ably with her interesting task. This second volume is a sequel worthy of the first, and does great credit to the industry and talent of the author.

The subjects (if queens are subjects) are—Berengaria of Navarre, queen of Richard I.; Isabella of Angoulême, queen of John; Eleanor of Provence, queen of Henry III.; Eleanor of Castile, and Marguerite of France, queens of Edward I.; Isabella of France, queen of Edward II.; Philippa of Hainault, queen of Edward III.; and Anne of Bohemia, the first queen of Richard II. Of all these, the memoirs are full of excellent matter, and whether called "la belle," "the faithful," "the fair," "the good," or the nothing at all, we have read all their various chances with much gratification.

It is hardly necessary that we should support these opinions by extracts; but we select a few pages in honour of our usual custom towards productions which possess novelty and merit. When King John died (on whom our author is rather severe), it is stated:—

"Although so recently a widow, the extreme exigencies of the times forced Isabella to assist at her child's coronation. The regal diadem belonging to his father being lost in Lincoln Washes, and the crown of Edward the Confessor being far distant in London, the little king was crowned with a gold throat-collar belonging to his mother. A very small part of England recognised the claims of Isabella's son: even Gloucester was divided, the citizens who adhered to the young king being known by the cross of Aquitaine, cut in white cloth on their breasts. Henry was then just nine years old; but though likely to be a minor for some years, it must be observed that the queen-mother was offered no share in the government; and as queens of England so frequently acted as regents during the absence of their husbands or sons, this exclusion is a proof that the English held Isabella in little esteem. London and the adjacent counties were then in the hands of Louis of France. Among other possessions, he held the queen's dower-palace of Berkhamstead, which was strongly garrisoned with French soldiers. However, the valour and wisdom of the Protector Pembroke, and the intrepidity of Hubert de Burgh, in a few months cleared England of these intruders."

Miss Strickland adds, in a note on the first paragraph:—

"Reports were circulated in Norfolk that the royal circlet of King John was certainly found in the late excavation for the Eau Brink drainage, near the spot indicated by chroniclers as the scene of this loss. And a well-sinker, who knew nothing of history, informed a gentleman of a curious discovery he made when

digging for a well in the same neighbourhood. 'I found,' said he, 'in the course of my well-digging, a king's crown.' On being desired to describe it, he declared that it was not larger than the top of a quart pot, but cut out in ornaments round the top; that it looked black, and that he had no idea of the value, for when a Jew pedlar offered him three pounds ten shillings, he was glad to accept it, but he afterwards heard that the Jew had made upwards of fifty pounds by the speculation. This was most likely one of the gold coronals or circlets fixed at the back of the king's helmets, as its size shews that it was not the regal crown."

Our next example is from the account of the good Queen Anne, the wife of Richard II.:—

"Some days after the marriage of the royal pair, they returned to London, and the coronation of the queen was performed most magnificently. At the young queen's earnest request, a general pardon was granted by the king at her consecration.* The afflicted people stood in need of this respite, as the executions since Tyler's insurrection had been bloody and barbarous beyond all precedent. The land was reeking with the blood of the unhappy peasantry, when the humane intercession of the gentle Anne of Bohemia put a stop to the executions. This mediation obtained for Richard's bride the title of 'the good Queen Anne;' and years, instead of impairing the popularity, usually so evanescent in England, only increased the esteem felt by her subjects for this beneficent princess. Grand tournaments were held directly after the coronation; many days were spent in these solemnities, wherein the German nobles, who had accompanied the queen to England, displayed their chivalry to the great delight of the English. Our chroniclers call Anne of Bohemia 'the beauteous queen.' At fifteen or sixteen a blooming German girl is a very pleasing object, but she could not have been even passable, for the features of her statue are homely and undignified; a narrow, high-pointed forehead, full cheeks, and lamp-shaped face, with no expression, excepting good temper, are scarcely entitled to claim a reputation for beauty. At her marriage festivities the head-dress she wore must have neutralised the defects of her face in some degree, by giving an appearance of breadth to her narrow forehead. The horned cap constituted the head-gear of the ladies of Bohemia and Hungary, and in this 'moony tire' did the bride of Richard present herself to the astonished eyes of her female subjects.† Queen Anne made some atonement for being the importer of these hideous fashions by introducing the use of pins, such as are used at our present toilets. Our chroniclers declare that, previously to her arrival in England, the English fair fastened their robes with skewers,—a great exaggeration or misrepresentation of these monkish writers; for even as early as the Roman empire the use of pins was known, and British barrows have been opened wherein were found numbers of very neat and efficient little ivory pins which had been used in arranging the grave-clothes of the dead: and can

these irreverent chroniclers suppose that English ladies used worse fastenings for their robes in the fourteenth century? Side-saddles were the third new fashion brought into England by Anne of Bohemia; they were different from those used at present, which were invented or first adopted by Catherine de Medicis, queen of France: the side-saddle of Anne of Bohemia was like a bench with a hanging step, where both feet were placed; this mode of riding required a footman or squire at the bridle-rein of a lady's palfrey, and was chiefly used in processions. According to the fashion of the age, the young queen had a device, which all her knights were expected to wear at tournaments; but her device was, we think, a very stupid one, being an ostrich with a bit of iron in his mouth.‡ At the celebration of the festival of the Order of the Garter, 1384, Queen Anne wore a robe of violet cloth dyed in grain, the hood lined with scarlet, the robe lined with fur. She was attended by a number of noble ladies, who are mentioned 'as newly received into the Society of the Garter.' They were habited in the same costume as their young queen.† The royal spouse of Anne was remarkable for the foppery of his dress; he had one coat estimated at thirty thousand marks. His chief value must have arisen from the precious stones with which it was adorned. This was called apparel 'broidered of stone.'‡ Notwithstanding the great accession of luxury that followed this marriage, the daughter of the Cæsars (as Richard proudly called his bride) not only came portionless to the English throne matrimonial, but her husband had to pay a very handsome sum for the honour of calling her his own; he paid to her brother 10,000 marks for the imperial alliance, besides being at the whole charge of her journey. The jewels of the duchy of Aquitaine, the floriated coronet, and many brooches in the form of animals, were pawned to the Londoners, in order to raise money for the expenses of the bridal.

"Anne of Bohemia died at her favourite palace of Shene; the king was with her when she expired. He had never given her a rival; she appears to have possessed his whole heart, which was rent by the most acute sorrow at the sudden loss of his faithful wife, who was, in fact, his only friend. In the frenzy of his grief, Richard imprecated the bitterest curses on the place of her death, and, unable to bear the sight of the place where he had passed his only happy hours with this beloved and virtuous queen, he ordered the palace of Shene to be levelled with the ground. The deep tone of Richard's grief is apparent even in the summons sent by him to the English peers, requiring their attendance to do honour to the magnificent obsequies he had prepared for his lost consort. His letters on this occasion are in existence, and are addressed to each of his barons in this style:—"Very dear and faithful cousin,—Inasmuch as our beloved companion, the queen (whom God has hence commanded), will be buried at West-

* "Camden's 'Remains.' It is possible this was not a device, but an armorial bearing, and had some connexion with the ostrich plume the Black Prince took from her grandfather at Cressy."

† "See Sir Harris Nicolas's 'History of the Order of the Garter.'"

‡ "In this reign the shoes were worn with pointed toes of an absurd and inconvenient length. Camden quotes an amusing passage from a quaint work, entitled 'Eulogium on the Extravagance of the Fashions of this Reign.' 'Their shoes and pattens are snowed and piked up more than a finger long, which they call Cracowes, resembling the devil's claws, which were fastened to the knees with chains of gold and silver; and thus were they garnished which were Lyons in the hall and hares in the field.'"

* "Tyrell. Walsingham. Rymer."

† "This cap was at least two feet in height, and as many in width; its fabric was built of wire and paste-board, like a very wide-spreading mitre, and over these horns was extended some glittering tissue or gauze. Monstrous and outrageous were the horned caps that reared their heads in England, directly the royal bride appeared in one; these formidable novelties expanded their wings on every side, till at church or procession the diminished heads of lords and knights were eclipsed by their ambitious partners. The church declared they were the 'moony tire' denounced by Ezekiel—likely enough, for they had been introduced by Bohemian crusaders from Syria."

minster, on Monday the third of August next, we earnestly entreat that you (setting aside all excuses) will repair to our city of London the Wednesday previous to the same day, bringing with you our very dear kinswoman, your consort, at the same time. We desire that you will, the preceding day, accompany the corpse of our dear consort from our manor of Shene to Westminster; and for this we trust we may rely on you, as you desire our honour and that of our kingdom. — Given under our privy seal at Westminster, the 10th day of June, 1394.' We gather from this document, that Anne's body was brought from Shene in grand procession, the Wednesday before the 3d of August, attended by all the nobility of England, male and female; likewise by the citizens and authorities of London, all clothed in black, with black hoods; and on the 3d of August the queen was interred. The most memorable and interesting circumstance at the burial of Anne of Bohemia is the fact, that Thomas Arundel, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, who preached her funeral sermon, in the course of it greatly commended the queen for having caused the Holy Scriptures to be translated into English and disseminated through the land, adding that she daily read a portion of them herself. This very prelate was in the next reign a cruel persecutor of the infant reformed church. Richard's grief was as long enduring as it was acute. One year elapsed before he had devised the species of monument he thought worthy the memory of his beloved Anne, yet his expression of tenderness regarding her pervaded his covenant with the London artificers employed to erect this tomb. He took withal the extraordinary step of having his own monumental statue made to repose by that of the queen, with the hands of the effigies clasped in each other."

[We have had this review in type for some weeks; and the third volume, which concludes the series of the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet Queens, has just reached us as a refresher. We therefore hasten to make way for it, by discharging our debt to its precursor. — Ed. L. G.]

Sir E. L. Bulwer's Works: Eugene Aram.
London, 1840. Saunders and Otley.

THIS volume is admirably embellished by G. Cattermole, whose frontispiece, engraved by Greatchall, is an honour to the arts "in little." The vignette, by T. Creswick, engraved by J. Brain, is no less sweet and illustrative of the part of the story to which it relates. Of that story we have nothing now to say. We did consider it to be a triumph of the author's skill, and we still consider it so. To invest a familiar plot and an anticipated catastrophe with so deep an interest, and to lead us step by step, in doubts and fears, though we previously know all, is no mean exercise of the power of genius; and there is not a reader of *Eugene Aram* who must not confess this potency in Bulwer's conduct and execution of his tragic theme. We have only to notice Sir Edward's preface to this edition, which we find so full of literary matter that we make no apology for transferring it to our pages, where we are sure it will be acceptable to every reader:—

"The strange history of Eugene Aram had excited my interest and wonder long before the present work was composed or conceived. It so happened, that during his residence at Lynn, his reputation for learning had attracted the notice of my grandfather—a country gentleman living in the same county, and of more intelligence and accomplishments than, at that day, usually characterised his class. Aram frequently visited at Heydon (my grandfather's house), and gave lessons, probably in very elevated branches of erudition, to the younger members of the family. This I chanced to hear when I was on a visit in Norfolk, some two years before this novel was published, and it tended to increase the interest with which I had previously speculated on the phenomena of a trial which, take it altogether, is perhaps the most re-

markable in the register of English crime. I endeavoured to collect such anecdotes of Aram's life and manners as tradition and hearsay still kept alive. These anecdotes were so far uniform that they all concurred in representing him as a person who, till the detection of the crime for which he was sentenced, had appeared of the mildest character and the most unexceptionable morals. An invariable gentleness and patience in his mode of tuition—qualities then very uncommon at schools—had made him so beloved by his pupils at Lynn, that, in after-life, there was scarcely one of them who did not persist in the belief of his innocence. His personal and moral peculiarities, as described in these pages, are such as were related to me by many who had heard him described by his contemporaries—the calm benign countenance—the delicate health—the thoughtful stoop—the noiseless step—the custom, not uncommon with scholars and absent men, of muttering to himself—a singular eloquence in conversation, when once roused from silence—an active tenderness and charity to the poor, with whom he was always ready to share his scanty means—an apparent disregard to money, except when employed in the purchase of books—an utter indifference to the ambition that usually accompanies self-taught talent, whether to better the condition or to increase the repute;—these, and other traits of the character portrayed in the novel, as far as I can rely on my information, faithful to the features of the original. That a man thus described—so benevolent that he would rob his own to administer to the necessities of another, so humane that he would turn aside from the worm in his path—should have been guilty of the foulest of human crimes, a murder, for the sake of gain, that a crime thus committed should have been so episodic and apart from the rest of his career, that, however it might rankle in his conscience, it should never have hardened his nature; that, through a life of some duration, none of the errors, none of the vices, which would seem essentially to belong to a character capable of deed so black, from motives apparently so sordid,* should have been discovered or suspected;—all this presents an anomaly in human conduct so rare and surprising, that it would be difficult to find any subject more adapted for that metaphysical speculation and analysis, in order to indulge which, fiction, whether in the drama or the novel class of romance, seeks its materials and grounds its lessons in the chronicles of passion and crime. The guilt of Eugene Aram is not that of a vulgar ruffian: it leads to views and considerations vitally and wholly distinct from those with which profligate knavery or brutal cruelty revolt and displease us in the literature of Newgate and the Hinks. His crime does, in fact, belong to those startling paradoxes which the poetry of all countries, and especially of our own, has always delighted to contemplate and examine. Whenever crime appears the aberration and monstrous product of a great intellect, or of a nature ordinarily virtuous, it becomes not only the subject for genius, which deals with passions, to describe, but a problem for philosophy, which deals with actions, to investigate and solve:—hence the Macbeths and Richards, the Iagos and Othellos. My regret, therefore, is not that I chose a subject unworthy of elevated fiction, but that such a subject did not occur to some one capable of treating it as it deserves; and I never felt this more strongly than when the late Mr. Godwin (in conversing with me after the publication of this romance) observed that 'he had always thought the story of Eugene Aram peculiarly adapted for fiction, and that he had more than once entertained the notion of writing the foundation of the novel.' I can well conceive what depth and power that gloomy record would have taken from the dark and inquiring genius of the author of 'Caleb Williams.' In fact, the crime and trial of Eugene Aram arrested the attention and engaged the conjectures of many of the most eminent men of his own time. His guilt or innocence was the matter of strong contest; and so keen and so enduring was the sensation created by an event so completely distinct from the ordinary annals of human crime, that even History turned aside from the sonorous narrative of the struggles of parties and the feuds of kings, to commemorate the learning and the guilt of the humble schoolmaster of Lynn. Did I want any other answer to the animadversions of commonplace criticism, it might be sufficient to say that what the historian relates, the novelist has little right to disdain. Before entering on this romance, I examined with some care the probabilities of Aram's guilt; for I need scarcely, perhaps, observe, that the legal evidence against him is extremely deficient—furnished almost entirely by one (Houseman) confessedly an accomplice of the crime, and a partner in the booty; and that, in the present day, a man tried upon evidence so scanty and suspicious would unquestionably escape conviction. Nevertheless, I must frankly own that the moral evidence appeared to me more convincing than the legal; and, though not without some doubt, which, in common with many, I still entertain of the real facts of the murder, I adopted that view which, at all events, was the best suited to the higher purposes of fiction. On the whole, I still think that if the crime were committed by Aram, the motive was not very far removed from one which led recently to a remarkable murder in Spain. A priest in that country,

* "For I put wholly out of question the excuse of jealousy, as unsupported by any evidence—never hinted at by Aram himself (at least on any sufficient authority)—and at variance with the only fact which the trial establishes, viz. that the robbery was the crime planned, and the cause, whether accidental or otherwise, of the murder."

wholly absorbed in learned pursuits, and apparently of spotless life, confessed that, being debarred by extreme poverty from prosecuting a study which had become the sole passion of his existence, he had reasoned himself into the belief that it would be admissible to rob a very dissolute, worthless man, if he applied the money so obtained to the acquisition of a knowledge which he could not otherwise acquire, and which he held to be profitable to mankind. Unfortunately, the dissolute rich man was not willing to be robbed for so excellent a purpose: he was armed and he resisted—a struggle ensued, and the crime of homicide was added to that of robbery. The robbery was premeditated: the murder was accidental. But he who would accept some similar interpretation of Aram's crime, must, to comprehend fully the lessons which belong to so terrible a picture of frenzy and guilt, consider also the physical circumstances and condition of the criminal at the time: severe illness—intense labour of the brain—poverty bordering upon famine—the mind preternaturally at work, devising schemes, and excuses, to arrive at the means for ends ardently desired. And all this duly considered, the reader may see the crime boding itself out from the shades and chimeras of a horrible hallucination—the awful dream of a brief but delirious and convulsed disease. It is thus only that we can account for the contradiction of one deed at war with the whole life—blasting, indeed, for ever the happiness, but making little revolution in the pursuits and disposition of the character. No one who has examined with care and thoughtfulness the aspects of Life and Nature, but must allow that, in the contemplation of such a spectacle, great and most moral truths must force themselves on the notice and sink deep into the heart. The entanglements of human reasoning; the influence of circumstance upon deeds; the perversion that may be made, by one self-palting with the Fiend, of elements the most glorious; the secret effect of conscience in frustrating all for which the crime was done—leaving genius without hope, knowledge without fruit—deadening benevolence into mechanism, tainting love itself with terror and suspicion;—such reflections—leading, with subler minds, to many more vast and complicated theorems in the consideration of our nature, social and individual—arise out of the one great moral of man's enery to purpose and nothingness to will, which the story of Eugene Aram (were it but adequately treated) could not fail to convey."

TYTLER'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

[Third notice.]

THE second division of Mr. Tytler's volume, which we shall now, after the anticipation of our last, bring under the notice of our readers, relates to various important events in the career of the unhappy Mary, which occurred during the eventful years that succeeded the assassination of Riccio, from 1565 to 1574, the regency of Murray. The queen's escape to Dunbar after that cruel act, and return upon Edinburgh with 8000 men, which caused the flight of Morton, Ruthven, and others, to England, the asylum of all her rebel subjects and enemies, and the concealment of Lethington, Knox, and the rest, in several wild and inaccessible retreats in Scotland, were followed by the birth of her son James VI., and a number of changes in the complicated relations of her nobles, both to herself and each other, principally owing to the new course pursued by Darnley, and to the influence exercised over her acts by the restored Regent Murray. Both well now rose rapidly into favour and power, and the murder of Darnley was perpetrated. Of this tragedy Mr. Tytler relates all the incidents, with several additions, and offers, among others, the following observations:—

"Had the queen entertained any serious idea of discovering the perpetrators of the murder, the steps to be pursued were neither dubious nor intricate. If she was afraid to seize the higher delinquents, it was at least no difficult matter to have apprehended and examined the persons who had provided the lodging in which the king was slain. The owner of the house, Robert Balfour, was well known, her own servants who I had been, intrusted with the keys, and the king's domestics who had absented themselves before the explosion, or were preserved from its effects, were still on the spot, and might have been arrested and brought before the privy council. But nothing of this kind took place, and in this interval of delay and apparent indecision many

persons from whom information might have been elicited, and some who were actually accused, took the opportunity of leaving the country. On the 19th of February, only ten days after the explosion, Sir W. Drury addressed an interesting letter to Cecil from Berwick, in which he mentioned that Dolu, the queen's treasurer, had arrived in that town with eight others, amongst whom was Bastian, one of those denounced in the placards. Francis, the Italian steward, the same person whose name had been also publicly posted up as engaged in the murder, was expected, he added, to pass that way within a few days, and other Frenchmen had left Scotland by sea. In the midst of these events the Earl of Bothwell continued to have the chief direction of affairs, and to share with Lethington, Argile, and Huntly, the confidence of the queen. The Earls of Murray and Morton, who were absent from the capital at the time of the murder, shewed no disposition to return; and Lennox, when requested by Mary to repair to court, dismissed her messenger without an answer. Meanwhile rumour was busy, and some particulars were talked of amongst the people, which, if any real solicitude on the subject had existed, might have still given a clue to trace the assassins. A smith was spoken of in a bill fastened on the Tron,* who had furnished the false keys to the king's apartment, and who, on due security, promised to come forward and point out his employers. A person was said to be discovered in Edinburgh, from whom Sir J. Balfour had purchased a large quantity of powder, and other placards and drawings appeared, in which the queen herself and Bothwell were plainly pointed at. But the only effect produced by such intimations was to rouse this daring man to a passionate declaration of vengeance. Accompanied by fifty guards, he rode to the capital from Seton, and with furious oaths and gestures declared publicly, that if he knew who were the authors of the bills or drawings, he would 'wash his hands in their blood.' It was remarked, that as he passed through the streets, his followers kept a jealous watch, and crowded round him as if they apprehended an attack, whilst he himself spoke to no one of whom he was not assured without his hand on the hilt of his dagger. His deportment and fierce looks were much noted by the people, who began, at the same time, to express themselves openly and bitterly against the queen. It was observed, that Captain Cullen and his company were the guards nearest her person, and he was well known to be a sworn follower of Bothwell's; it was remarked, that whilst all inquiry into the murder appeared to be forgotten, an active investigation took place as to the authors of the placards, and minute circumstances were noted, which seemed to argue a light and indifferent behaviour, at a time when her manner should have been especially circumspect and guarded. It did not escape attention, that scarce two weeks after her husband's death, whilst in the country and in the city all were still shocked at the late occurrences, and felt them as a stain on their national character, the court at Seton was occupied in gay amusements. Mary and Bothwell would shoot at the butts against Huntly and Seaton; and on one occasion, after winning the match, they forced these lords to pay the forfeit in the shape of a dinner at Tranent. On the evening of the day in which the earl had exhibited so much fury in the

streets of the capital, two more placards were hung up. On the one were written the initials M.R., with a hand holding a sword; on the other, Bothwell's initials, with a mallet painted above, an obscure allusion to the only wound found upon the unhappy prince, which appeared to have been given by a blunt instrument. These symptoms of suspicion and dissatisfaction were not confined to the people. Movements began to be talked of amongst the nobles. It was reported that Murray and some friends had held a meeting at Dunkeld, where they were joined by Caithness, Athol, and Morton; and as this nobleman had absented himself from court, and kept aloof amongst his dependants, the queen became at length convinced that something must be done to prevent a coalition against her, and to satisfy the people that she was determined to institute a public inquiry into the murder."

These proceedings are sufficiently known: Bothwell was tried (apparently) and acquitted; and as a band, or bond, had been signed by the conspirators to the deaths of Riccio and Darnley, so was there at this time another band signed to urge the marriage of the queen to the assailed criminal.

From this fatal step, the declension of Mary into misery was most rapid. From Carberry Hill, where she surrendered to the confederate lords, she was conducted prisoner to Edinburgh, and thence to Lochleven Castle, which the romance of her escape has invested with a memorable interest. As there is some novelty in the annexed description, we copy it with pleasure:—

"Since her interview with Murray, the captive queen had exerted all the powers of fascination which she so remarkably possessed to gain upon her keepers. The severe temper of the regent's mother, the lady of the castle, had yielded to their influence; and her son, George Douglas, the younger brother of Lochleven, smitten by her beauty, and flattered by her caresses, enthusiastically devoted himself to her interest. It was even asserted that he had aspired to her hand; that his mother talked of a divorce from Bothwell; and that Mary, never insensible to admiration, and solicitous to secure his services, did not check his hopes.* However this may be, Douglas for some time had bent his whole mind to the enterprise, and on one occasion, a little before this, had nearly succeeded; but the queen, who had assumed the dress of a laundress, was detected by the extraordinary whiteness of her hands, and carried back in the boat which she had entered to her prison. This discovery had nearly ruined all, for Douglas was dismissed from the castle, and Mary more strictly watched; but nothing could discourage her own enterprise, or the zeal of her servant. He communicated with Lord Seaton and the Hamiltons; he carried on a secret correspondence with the queen; he secured the services of a page who waited on his mother, called Little Douglas; and, by his assistance, at length effected his purpose. On the evening of the 2d of May, this youth, in placing a plate before the castellan, contrived to drop his napkin over the key of the gate of the castle, and carried it off unperceived. He hastened to the queen, and, hurrying down to the outer gate, they threw themselves into the little boat which lay there for the service of the garrison. At that moment Lord Seaton and some of her friends were intently observing the castle from their concealment on a neighbouring hill; a party waited in the village below; while nearer still, a man lay watching on the brink of the lake. They could see a female

figure with two attendants glide swiftly from the outer gate. It was Mary herself, who, breathless with delight and anxiety, sprang into the boat, holding a little girl, one of her maidens, by the hand; while the page, by locking the gate behind them, prevented immediate pursuit. In a moment, her white veil with its broad red fringe (the concerted signal of success) was seen glancing in the sun, the sign was recognised and communicated, the little boat, rowed by the page and the queen herself, touched the shore, and Mary, springing out with the lightness of recovered freedom, was received first by George Douglas, and almost instantly after by Lord Seaton and his friends. Throwing herself on horseback, she rode at full speed to the ferry, crossed the Firth, and galloped to Niddry, having been met on the road by Lord Claud Hamilton with fifty horse. Here she took a few hours' rest; wrote a hurried despatch to France; despatched Hepburn of Riccarton to Dunbar, with the hope that the castle would be delivered to her, and commanded him to proceed afterwards to Denmark, and carry to his master, Bothwell, the news of her deliverance. Then again taking horse, she galloped to Hamilton, where she deemed herself in safety. The news of her escape flew rapidly through the kingdom, and was received with joy by a large portion of her nobility, who crowded round her with devoted offers of homage and support. The Earls of Argile, Cassilis, Eglington, and Rothes, the Lords Somerville, Yester, Livingston, Herries, Fleming, Ross, Borthwick, and many other barons of power and note, crowded to Hamilton. Orders were sent by them to put their vassals and followers in instant motion, and Mary soon saw herself at the head of six thousand men."

The battle of Langsyde, however, ended the dream of this romantic adventure, and poor Mary fled to the protection of her cousin, the Queen of England. What immediately ensued, as far as we observe, without entering into minute comparison, is all matter of previous history. Perhaps the following will be found otherwise: it occurs after the seizure of the Earl of Northumberland, at Hector Armstrong's, at Harlaw, by the Regent Murray:—

"Although this new act of severity and corruption increased the regent's unpopularity in Scotland, it being suspected that he meant to give up his captive to Elizabeth, his zeal and activity completely restored him to the good opinion of this princess; and he had the satisfaction to learn that she had warmly commended him to his ambassador, the Abbot of Dumfermling. This emboldened him to make a proposal on which he had long meditated, and for which the English queen was by no means prepared. It was no less than that she should surrender Mary into his hands to be kept safely in Scotland, a solemn promise being given by him, 'that she should live her natural life, without any sinister means taken to shorten the same.' It was added that a maintenance suitable to her high rank should be provided for her, and the arguments addressed to Elizabeth upon the subject, in a paper intrusted to Nicholas Elphinston, who was sent with the request to the English court, were drawn up with no little art and ability. After an enumeration of the late miseries and commotions in England, it stated, that 'as Mary was notoriously the ground and fountain from whom all these tumults, practices, and daily dangers, did flow,' and as her remaining within the realm of England undoubtedly gave her every opportunity to continue them, there was no more certain means to provide a remedy,

* "A post in the public market where goods were weighed."

and bring quiet to both countries, than to bring her back into Scotland, thus removing her to a greater distance from foreign realms, and daily intelligence with their princes or their ambassadors.* In this petition Murray was joined by Morton, Mar, Glencairn, Lords Lindsay, Ruthven, and Semple, with the Masters of Marshall and Montrose. At the same time Knox addressed a letter to Cecil. He described himself as writing with one foot in the grave, alluded to the late rebellion, and recommended him to strike at the root, meaning Mary, if he would prevent the branches from budding again. It appears to me that the expressions of this great reformer, whose stern spirit was little softened by age, go as far as to urge the absolute necessity of putting Mary to death, but his words are somewhat dark and enigmatical. The letter, which is wholly in his own hand, is too remarkable to be omitted. 'Benefits of God's hands received crave that men be thankful, and danger known would be avoided. If ye strike not at the root, the branches that appear to be broken will bud again, and that more quickly than men can believe, with greater force than we would wish. Turn your een unto your God. Forget yourself and yours, when consultation is to be had in matters of such weight, as presently I upon you. Albeit I have been fremedly handled, yet was I never enemy to the quietness of England. God grant you wisdom. In haste, of Edinburgh, the 2d of Janur. Yours to command in God,—John Knox, with his one foot in the grave.—Mo days than one would not suffice to express what I think.' Murray despatched Elphinston on the 2d of January; and as Knox's letter was dated on the same day, and related to the same subject, it is probable he carried it with him. The envoy, who was in great confidence with the regent, and a man of talent, received full instructions for his secret mission, which fortunately have been preserved. He was directed to impress upon Elizabeth, in the strongest manner, the difficulties with which Murray was surrounded; the daily increasing power of his and her enemies, who supported the cause of the captive queen both in England and Scotland; the perpetual tumults and intrigues of the Roman Catholics in both realms; their intercourse with Philip of Spain and the Pope, who were animating them at that very moment to new exertion; the succours hourly looked for from France; and the utter impossibility of the regent keeping up the struggle against his opponents, if Mary was permitted to remain in England, and Elizabeth did not come forward with more prompt and effectual assistance. It was necessary, he said, to prevent the ruin of the cause, that the queen of England and his master should distinctly understand each other. She had lately urged him to deliver up her rebel the Earl of Northumberland, to pay the penalty of a traitor. It was a hard request, and against every feeling of honour and humanity, to surrender a banished man to slaughter; but he was ready to consent, if in exchange the Queen of Scots were committed into his hands; and if, at the same time, Elizabeth would support the cause of his young sovereign, and the interests of true religion, by an immediate advance of money, and a seasonable present of arms and ammunition. If this were agreed to, then he was ready to continue his efforts for the maintenance of the government in Scotland against the machinations of their enemies; he would not only preserve her amity, but 'would serve her majesty in England, as they are accustomed to do their native princes

in Scotland, and out of England, upon reasonable wages.' If she would not consent to this, then he must forbear any longer to venture his life as he had done, and it would be well for her to consider what dangers might ensue to both the realms, by the increase of the factions which favoured Papistry and the Queen of Scots' title. Above all he entreated her to remember (alluding, as it appears to me, to the subject of Knox's letter), that the heads of all these troubles were at her commandment, that this late rebellion was not now ended, but had more dangerous branches, for which, if she did not provide a remedy, the fault must lie upon herself. These secret negotiations were detected by the vigilance of the Bishop of Ross, and he instantly presented a protest to the Queen of England against a proposition, which, if agreed to, was, he said, equivalent to signing Mary's death-warrant. He solicited also the ambassadors of France and Spain to remonstrate against it, and La Motte Fénelon addressed an earnest letter to the queen-mother upon the subject. Some little time, too, was gained by the refusal of the Scottish nobles to deliver up Northumberland, and Elizabeth had despatched Sir Henry Gates and the Marshal of Berwick with a message to the regent, when an appalling event suddenly interrupted the treaty. This was the murder of Murray himself in the town of Linlithgow by James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. The assassination is to be chiefly traced to the influence of private revenge; but there is no doubt, also, that the author of the deed was the tool of a faction which had long determined on Murray's destruction. He was a gentleman of good family, had been made prisoner at Langside, and, with others, was condemned to death; but the regent had spared his life, and been satisfied with the forfeiture of his estate. His wife was heiress of Woodhouselee, a small property on the river Esk, to which she had retreated, under the mistaken idea that it would be exempted from the sentence of outlawry which affected her husband's estate of Bothwellhaugh. But Bellenden, the justice clerk, a favourite of Murray's, who had obtained a grant of the escheat,* violently occupied the house, and barbarously turned its mistress, during a bitterly cold night, and almost in a state of nakedness, into the woods, where she was found in the morning furiously mad, and insensible to the injury which had been inflicted on her. If ever revenge could meet with sympathy it would be in so atrocious a case as this; and from that moment Bothwellhaugh resolved upon Murray's death, accusing him as the chief author of the calamity. It is affirmed by Calderwood, that he had twice failed in his sanguinary purpose, when the Hamiltons, who had long hated the regent, encouraged him to make a third attempt, which proved successful. * * "I will not attempt (the author sums up) any laboured character of this extraordinary man, who, coming into the possession of almost uncontrolled power, as the leader of the Reformed party, when he was little more than a youth, was cut off in the midst of his greatness before he was forty years old.† Living in those wretched times, when the country was torn by two parties which mortally hated each other, he has come down to us so disfigured by the prejudices of his contemporaries that it is difficult to discern his true features. As to his personal intrepidity, his talents for state affairs, his military capacity, and the general purity of his private life, in a corrupt age and court,

there can be no difference of opinion. It has been recorded of him, that he ordered himself and his family in such sort, that it did more resemble a church than a court; and it is but fair to conclude that this proceeded from his deep feelings of religion, and a steady attachment to a reformation which he believed to be founded on the word of God. But, on the other hand, there are some facts, especially such as occurred during the latter part of his career, which throw suspicion upon his motives, and weigh heavily against him. He consented to the murder of Ricio; to compass his own return to power, he unscrupulously leagued himself with men whom he knew to be the murderers of the king; used their evidence to convict his sovereign; and refused to turn against them till they began to threaten his power, and declined to act as the tools of his ambition. If we regard private faith and honour, how can we defend his betrayal of Norfolk, and his consent to deliver up Northumberland? If we look to love of country—a principle now, perhaps, too lightly esteemed, but inseparable from all true greatness—what are we to think of his last ignominious offers to Elizabeth? If we go higher still, and seek for that love which is the only test of religious truth, how difficult is it to think that it could have a place in his heart, whose last transaction went to aggravate the imprisonment, if not to recommend the death, of a miserable princess, his own sister and his sovereign. All are agreed that he was a noble-looking personage, of grave and commanding manners. His funeral, which was a solemn spectacle, took place on the 14th of February, in the High Church of St. Giles, at Edinburgh, where he was buried in St. Anthony's aisle. The body had been taken from Linlithgow to Stirling, and thence was transported by water to Leith, and carried to the palace of Holyrood. In the public procession to the church it was accompanied by the magistrates and citizens of Edinburgh, who greatly lamented him. They were followed by the gentlemen of the country, and these by the nobility. The Earls of Morton, Mar, Glencairn, and Cassillis, with the Lords Glamis, Lindsay, Ochiltree, and Ruthven, carried the body; before it came the Lairds of Grange, and Colvil of Cleish; Grange bearing his banner, with the royal arms, and Cleish his coat armour. The servants of his household followed, making great lamentation, as Randolph, an eye-witness, wrote to Cecil. On entering the church the bier was placed before the pulpit, and Knox preached the sermon, taking for his text, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'

[To be concluded in our next.]

HAVELOCK'S WAR IN AFFGHANISTAN.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

We broke off last week 'i' the imminent deadly breach' of Ghuznee, with a promise of some of the incidents in that gallant affair, which we now proceed to fulfil:—

"The stormers under Colonel Dennie rushed, as soon as they heard the bugle signal, into the smoking and darkened opening before them, and found themselves fairly opposed, hand to hand, by the Affghans, who had quickly recovered from their surprise. Nothing could be distinctly seen in the narrow passage, but the clash of sword blade against bayonet was heard on every side. The little band had to grope its way between the yet standing walls in darkness, which the glimmer of the blue light did not dissipate, but rendered more perplexing. But it was necessary to force a passage; there was neither time nor space, indeed,

* "The forfeited property."

† "He was born in 1530, and slain in 1560-70."

for regular street firing, but, in its turn, each loaded section gave its volley, and then made way for the next, which, crowding to the front, poured in a deadly discharge at half pistol shot amongst the defenders. Thus this forlorn hope won gradually their way onward, until at length its commanders and their leading files beheld, over the heads of their infuriated opponents, a small portion of blue sky, and a twinkling star or two, and then, in a moment, the headmost soldiers found themselves within the place. Resistance was overborne, and no sooner did these four companies feel themselves established in the fortress, than a loud cheer, which was heard beyond the pillars, announced their triumph to the troops without. But, oh! the fugitive character of human success, even in its brightest moments! How nearly was all ruined by the error of an instant! Brigadier Sale, whilst his skirmishers were closing by sound of bugle, had steadily and promptly pressed forward to support the forlorn hope. As he moved on he met an engineer officer, evidently suffering from the effects of the recent explosion, and anxiously inquired of him how the matter went beyond the bridge. This gallant person had been thrown to the ground by the bursting of the powder; and though he had not received any distinct wound, fracture, or contusion, was shaken in every limb by the concussion. His reply was, that the gate was blown in, but that the passage was choked up, and the forlorn hope could not force an entrance. Brigadier Sale was too cool and self-possessed not to be able at once to draw the inference that to move on under such circumstances was to expose his troops to certain destruction. He ordered the retreat to be sounded. The tempestuous character of the weather, and the noise of the fire of all arms did not prevent this signal from being heard even by the reserve; but it conveyed the order which British soldiers are always slowest in obeying. The column, however, made a full halt in the path of victory. But the check was not of long duration. The brigadier, perfectly calm at this moment of supposed difficulty, addressed himself to another engineer officer, with whom he happily fell in at this interesting moment. He assured him that though the passage of the gateway was much impeded, the advanced stormers, under Colonel Dennie, had already won their way through it. The brigadier promptly gave the signal to move on. But the delay, short as it had been, was productive of mischief. It had left a considerable interval between the forlorn hope and Brigadier Sale's column; and just as the latter, in which the Queen's regiment was leading, had pressed into the gateway, a large body of Affghans, driven headlong from the ramparts by the assault and fire of Colonel Dennie's force, rushed down towards the opening, in the hope of that way effecting their escape. Their attack was made upon the rear company of the Queen's, and the leading files of the Bengal European regiment. The encounter with these desperate men was terrific. They fiercely assaulted, and for a moment drove back, the troops opposed to them. One of their number, rushing over the fallen timbers, brought down Brigadier Sale by a cut in the face with his sharp shumsheer.* The Affghan repeated his blow as his opponent was falling, but the pommel, not the edge of his sword, this time took effect, though with stunning violence. He lost his footing, however, in the effort, and Briton and Affghan rolled together amongst the fractured timbers. Thus situated, the first care of the brigadier was to

master the weapon of his adversary. He snatched at it, but one of his fingers met the edge of the trenchant blade. He quickly withdrew his wounded hand, and adroitly replaced it over that of his adversary, so as to keep fast the hilt of his shumsheer. But he had an active and powerful opponent, and was himself faint from loss of blood. Captain Kershaw, of the 13th, aide-de-camp to Brigadier Baumgardt, happened, in the *mêlée*, to approach the scene of conflict; the wounded leader recognised, and called to him for aid. Kershaw passed his drawn sabre through the body of the Affghan; but still the desperado continued to struggle with frantic violence. At length, in the fierce grapple, the brigadier for a moment got uppermost. Still retaining the weapon of his enemy in his left hand, he dealt him, with his right, a cut from his own sabre, which cleft his skull from the crown to the eyebrows. The Moohammedan once shouted '*Ue Ullah!*'[†] and never spoke or moved again. The leader of the column regained his feet, and feeling himself for the moment incapable of personal exertion, yet calmly directed the movements of his men, who, after a fierce struggle, in which many ghastly wounds were exchanged, had now established themselves within the walls. Substantive success began to shew itself on every side, and the commander-in-chief, who had taken his station with his staff near the higher *ziyarat* gah, being assured from the prolonged shouting and sustained fire of British musketry within the area of the fortress, that the walls were won, had ordered every gun of the batteries on the heights to be aimed at the citadel. To that point, also, Brigadier Sale, quickly recovering his strength, began to direct his personal efforts. Meanwhile, the support under Colonel Croker was slowly winding its way through the gateway, obstructed by the ruins and by the doolies, by means of which the surgeons were collecting, and carrying to the rear, the wounded of the Queen's and Bengal European regiments. The reserve, also, had closed up to the walls; and so long as its advance was checked by the unavoidably slow progress of the troops before it, necessarily had to endure the fire of screened and hidden marksmen on the ramparts. At length the support, coiling in its whole length, disappeared within the fortress, and then, and not till then, the reserve, seeing the gateway cleared of troops, marched steadily forward. Whilst this was enacting near the portal, the anxious glances of the commander-in-chief and his staff were directed towards the citadel, from which a prolonged resistance might yet be expected; but here the assailing force was signally favoured by the course of events. Moohammed Hyder, surprised by the sudden onset which had wrested from him the walls that he had deemed impregnable, abandoned, in despair, the mound, on which he might have renewed the contest, and when the British had ascended the winding ramp, which led to the Acropolis of Ghuznee, they found the gates yield to the slightest impulse from without, and, in a few minutes, Sir John Keane had the satisfaction to see the colours of the 13th light infantry, and of the 17th regiment, waving and flapping in the strong breeze on the ramparts of the Affghan's last stronghold.† Brigadier Sale, notwithstanding his wound, had climbed up to

this scene of interest, and was guiding every where the exertions of the soldiers, who now, however, found little occupation beyond arresting the flight of the fugitives, and giving assurance and protection to the shrieking women of the harem. The reserve, too, was now fairly within the walls; and no sooner did it feel its footing to be secure, than it wheeled to its left and ascended the eastern rampart, from which a galling fire had been directed against it whilst it was detained under the walls. As its files penetrated within the houses in that direction, driving before it all who resisted, a new character was imparted to the scene by its activity; for a body of concealed Affghans, perceiving that their hiding places were explored in this unwelcome manner, rushed out madly, sword in hand, and endeavoured to cut a passage for themselves to the gateway. At this moment groups of fatigued soldiers were resting on their arms in the low ground below the citadel, and many of the wounded had been collected there preparatory to their being carried to a place of security, whilst hundreds of horses of the vanquished Affghans, frightened by the fire, were galloping wildly about the area. Down with surprising activity came this troop of desperate fugitives amongst these detached parties, who sprang on their feet in a moment, and directed a fire against them. The Affghans, as they rushed furiously on, cut right and left with surprising force, and swords as sharp as razors, not only at armed and active soldiers and sipahees, but at the wounded as they lay, at their own terrified animals, at every object which crossed their path. A wild fusillade was opened upon them by the troops on the slopes of the citadel; and, in the midst of a scene of indescribable confusion, the native soldiers, gathering in threes and fours around each furious Affghan, shot and hunted them down like mad dogs, until the destruction of the whole party was completed. The writer of this narrative happened to have an opportunity of observing closely the effect of one of the swords of these desperate men. A soldier of the Queen's had received a bullet through his breastplate. His blood had flowed in a crimson stream down to his very boots as he lay, apparently in a swooning state, in a dooley, with his right arm extended over the side of it. An Affghan, in his progress towards the gate, nearly severed with one blow the exposed limb from the body of the prostrate and defenceless soldier. He arose, supporting it with the other hand, and staggered against the wall in speechless agony; but the balls of numerous assailants soon took vengeance for their comrade's sufferings. The scene now excited feelings of horror, mingled with compassion, as one by one the Affghans sunk under repeated wounds upon the ground, which was strewn with bleeding, mangled, and convulsed and heaving carcasses. Here were ghastly figures stiffly stretched in calm, but grim repose; here the last breath was yielded up through clenched teeth in attitudes of despair and defiance, with hard struggle, and muttered imprecation; and there a faint '*Ue Ullah,*' or '*buwace Khooda,*' addressed half in devotion to God, half in the way of entreaty to man, alone testified that the mangled sufferer yet lived. The clothes of some of the dead and dying near the entrance had caught fire, and, in addition to the agony of their wounds, some were enduring the torture of being burnt by the slow fire of their thickly wadded vests, and singed and hardened coats of sheep-skin. There was throughout the affair no fair struggle for mastery excepting within, or in the

* "Oh, God!"

† "The narrator must be allowed to indulge the partiality of friendship in recording that the first standard that was planted on the rampart of the citadel was the regimental colour of the 13th light infantry, carried on that occasion by Ensign R. E. Frere, nephew of the Right Hon. John Hookham Frere."

* "Asiatic sabre."

immediate vicinity of the gateway; but as portions of Brigadier Sale's column, and afterwards of the reserve, traversed the town and swept its narrow streets, a desultory fire was kept up against them, which occasioned loss. It was whilst engaged in this part of the duty of the assailants that Major Warren, of the Bengal European regiment, who had shed his blood thirteen years ago in the escalade of Bhurtpore, was here again severely wounded. He was hit by three balls out of several which were fired at the same moment from one of the houses. One bullet struck him obliquely in the breast, touching in its passage a lobe of the lungs; a second penetrated his left wrist, and the third passed through the biceps muscle, and fractured the bone of his right arm. Lieutenant Haslewood of the same regiment survived some of the deepest wounds which were inflicted by the Afghan swords in the gateway on this morning of bloodshed. The detached tower, from which so sharp a fire had been kept up on our parties during the reconnaissance of the 21st, was carried by the gorge by a small party of the 13th, under Lieutenant Wilkinson. And now resistance seemed to be every where overpowered, and the commander-in-chief and his staff having entered by the Cabool gate, gazed upon the scene with feelings of self-gratulation, meditating on the important results of the exertions of two hours and a quarter, from the opening of the artillery at three, to the cessation of all continued firing at a quarter past five. Shah Shooja-ool-Moolk, the personage most deeply interested in the issue of the struggle, was conducted up the ramp of the citadel by Sir John Keane and the envoy. His majesty had ridden down to the memorable portal before the contest was at an end within the walls; and it was an affecting sight to see this old man, so long familiar with agitations and vicissitudes, climb, under the influence of evident emotion, up to the summit of this celebrated hold, which he now once more felt to be his own. 'Thus was' Ghuznee 'lost and won,' thus, in little more than two short hours, a garrison plausibly estimated at 3500 men was dispossessed of a fortress, the walls of which, up to the moment of attack, had scarcely been grazed by cannon-shot, the fire of the works being as entire as in the first hour of investment. This had been done without a ladder being raised in escalade. The enemy, convinced that the place could only fall after a protracted siege, had provisioned it for six months, and the plan of national defence of the Ameer of Cabool had been based upon the assurance of our being detained under the walls until the snows of winter, the hostility of the irregular hordes collected on the various ranges of mountain around us, and the appearance in the field of the main forces of eastern Afghanistan, would have rendered us happy to decamp in any direction which we might have found open.

Our subsequent march to Cabool, and all the rest of our doings, and even our triumphant return, must be left to the readers of Captain Havelock's volumes. The only enemies encountered during the latter part were the Khyberies, a warlike tribe of mountain desperadoes, who will probably soon be tamed or hunted down; and we conclude with the notice of a new-fashioned Cabool ornament for the ear, or ear-ring, invented by Dost Mahomed before he was superseded by Shah Shoojah:—

"The Barukzye Ameer knew the art of winning golden opinions, and the general impression amongst his late subjects appears to be, that he was substantively just in his decisions

between man and man. The following anecdote does not impugn his equity, but exhibits an instance of rather whimsical severity. It appears that at the time the line of the Khyber was assailed by the combined force of the British and the Sikhs, the ex-ameer detected the wealthiest banker in Cabool in a correspondence with Colonel Wade. It came to his knowledge that a bill of exchange was in his possession, which he desired to wrest from him. He summoned the Hindoo to his presence, who, of course, denied all knowledge of the matter. Dost Moohumud calmly directed one of his Kuzzilbash guards to attach his musket to the ear of the Afghan Rothschild, by letting down the lock upon its pendant lobe. Anxiety to get rid of this troublesome ornament soon produced the desired effect, and the *hoondee** was delivered up in full durbur."

Sailing Directions from Point Lynas to Liverpool; with Charts, Coast-Views, River-Sections, Tidal Courses, and Tide-Gauge Table, for Navigating the Dee and Mersey: including the latest Alterations. By Commander H. M. Denham, R.N. F.R.S. 8vo, pp. 169. 1840. London, Bate; Liverpool, Walker.

ENGLAND abounds in seamen of every grade, who are her pride and boast, and who constitute her strength; but pre-eminently prolific is she in that class to which her naval heroes do or have belonged. British officers are as eminent as they are numerous, in war and in peace. When duty calls their energies and dauntless courage into action to resent insult, to redress their country's wrongs, or to uphold justice and freedom, they have always and ever will be ready to "fight and to conquer again and again," backed by the devoted bravery of British tars. When soft luxurious peace succeeds to war's alarms, they sink not into inglorious inactivity; but their well-strung minds still vibrate to their country's touch, and play for her profit. They become useful members and bright ornaments of the civil polity and of the social community; as numerous scientific and literary works, and our own experience, do fully testify.

The present work, local in its influence, is of the utmost value, taking into consideration only the sailing directions therein contained. But when we reflect upon the labour and indefatigable exertions the survey evinces; when we examine the charts, coast-views, river-sections, tidal courses, &c., laid down, and think of the multitudinous parts of this complete whole; and when we remember that since the New Channel in the Liverpool port avenue, the work of Commander Denham, has been developed, lighted, and buoyed, out of 29,000 vessels in the two last years, only nineteen have got into difficulties, whilst only two were wrecked; and the tidal detentions of her majesty's packets to Ireland have been reduced from two hundred and sixty-one to thirty instances in a year, we cheerfully bestow our most cordial praise. The author has, however, already, during the progress of his labours, received honours from the municipal body, whose interests he has promoted; rewards from the Admiralty, whose discernment in selection he has established; and applause from the British Association, the importance and utility of which, and the value of its peripatetic character, his recorded communications prove.

We select, as a specimen of the seamanlike "directions," the rules for working into the Mersey by the New Channel Cut of 1839 in a gale at north-west at night:—

* "Bill of Exchange."

"You are not to expect a glimpse of any objects but the lights—enough! You positively see the two northern lights of the bay, a steady red light, higher than the floating bright light; you dare not round-to for a cast of the lead to ascertain how far you are outside the bar; you are flying over the ground upon a succession of crested seas; the red light is the distant one of the two; that decides which way you must yaw to bring the lights one over the other—it is done—they bear S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. that clinches the question. You are satisfied the rise of the tide, allowing six or eight feet 'send,' accords with your draft. All now depends on a well-trimmed storm canvass—faithful helmsmen—and your so cunning her as to inspire those hardly fellows at helm and look-out with the calm, firm confidence you feel yourself." You have brought the leading lights a-head, S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. A bulky frame-work Floating Bell beacon lies (unluckily for night intercourse) upon the fairway line, three quarters of a mile outside the bar; it is well to say 'keep clear of it;' but it is hit or miss, in utter darkness of night and storm; the beacon gets the worst of it, at the expense of your copper. The sea running in a more regular trough will be the chief indication of your being within the bar; and as the distance to the floating light is but two miles, you are approaching so rapidly, that all attention must be alive to your starboard helm, to sheer north-eastward of her as you near upon the line, and then port helm for rounding up four points; you will be prepared for doing so by opening the lights sufficiently eastward when you observe the farthest and red light become the lowest of the two; on rounding this floating light close on your starboard beam, steer S.S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. The Rock Light (revolving red and white) ought now to be just over your starboard fore-chains, and the Formby Floating Light, just passed, right astern, bearing N.N.W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.; keep an eye, also, over your larboard beam, on Crosby Light, and by the time you have run three miles, it will disappear (bearing N.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.), telling you to haul 14 point more southward (S. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.), when the Rock Light should be kept over the starboard cat-head; preserve this course until the Rock Light draws upon your starboard beam (three miles more run); coax up to the western shore, and anchor as close to it as the depth and rise of tide agrees with your draft; the sooner the better, to avoid drifting into some ship's hawse; and when brought up, shew a light at the fore-stay or rigging; don't spare the cable, or begrudge letting go a second anchor as soon as the first is well down, for the ground is steep, and very bad for 'bringing-up.'"

In conclusion, we may state that, from the brief account given of the locality of Port Fleetwood, whither the author's labours have been transferred, apparently to the discredit of Liverpool, that New Port is likely to become, ere long, a resort of great importance. In short, the managing folks of Liverpool were ungrateful to their ablest ally; and the wiser

"I cannot commit such hints for vital exigency to paper, without fancying myself at the elbow of the intensely anxious mariner, whilst jumping down to his cabin light—or between the lurches and flying quarter seas—he scans the page at his binnacle lamp. If he believes in the fruits of my experience, and gives me credit for the solicitude which prompts the desire to be of service in the hour of need, he will forgive my whispering to his almost scared senses, how even a forlorn hope depends upon the voice, as well as countenance, of the commander,—on the very tone in which, 'Very well, thus!—Steady, so!—Now we have it, my boys!' or how one faltering order, exclaiming, 'Starboard!—Port!—Where are the lights?—What shall we do?—In a breath, has paralysed the hardest crew, whose wistful alacrity brought the tottering bark to the threshold of hope. All then is dismay and fruitless anguish."

folks of Fleetwood have got him to raise their rising port into great capabilities and importance. We have not entered into the accounts of Mr. Denham's admirable designs and works, because they have been noticed under other circumstances; but we feel justified in saying, that the ruling authorities at Liverpool shewed neither wisdom nor gratitude in their treatment of this gentleman, to whom their port and navigation owed so much; and that those concerned in Fleetwood are fortunate in securing his services.

Abridgement of Sir Fowell Buxton's Work on the African Slave-Trade and its Remedy. Pp. 68. London, 1840. Murray.

READERS who may not be inclined to go through the original work of Sir T. F. Buxton will find here a concise and clear abridgement of its contents, which will enable them to appreciate the data, understand the design, and estimate the prospects, of the plan for the civilisation of Africa, the first national step towards which will be taken by the Niger Expedition, now rapidly accomplishing its preparations.

A Mr. Jamieson, of Liverpool, an African merchant, has published a pamphlet (which we have not seen) against the scheme, and contends not only that it will thwart and demolish individual enterprise and exertions in that quarter, which would gradually lead to the same end, but will be nugatory in itself. Not having read his arguments, we shall only say that, if we were to wait for the improvement of Africa, and the abolition of the slave-trade, till they were effected by private traders, even though, like Mr. Jamieson, they may send steam vessels to the Niger, our great-grand-children's great-great-grand-children would never see that issue.

In the meantime, Sir George Stephen has addressed an answer to Mr. Jamieson, in a "Letter to Lord John Russell" (pp. 36. Saunders and Otley), in which he treats the Liverpool merchant cavalierly enough. We do not very much approve of the tone of this Reply, for in such questions the affectation of ridicule is not so well adapted to convince as dry facts and plain conclusions. Sir George Stephen, it is true, does occasionally refer to these, and overbears Mr. Jamieson where he has shewn a deficiency in logical deduction; but he appears to us to rely too often on the *argumentum ad absurdum* in treating his opponent's merely mercantile and business-like statements. The commercial interests have always been jealous of government attempting to alleviate the miseries and horrors of Africa. We suspect, strongly, that this does not spring from philanthropy, but from a dread of loss in a traffic carried on with a great profit, and without a thought of its effect upon the country.

Thoughts on Physical Astronomy, with Practical Observations thereon. By Frances Barbara Burton. Pp. 30. London, 1840. Smith, Elder, and Co.

PLANETARY influence, its nature, its modes of action, and its regularity to foretell atmospheric changes, form the subject of this clever pamphlet. Every man his own weather-prophet is the doctrine it teaches; few will be, however, the followers of the converts to such a faith. The uncertainty of the weather to the minds of the mass is as certain as the uncertainty of the law; both are the fruits of long experience, and both have become proverbial. That the trackless and silently moving masses of the solar system affect each other, observation has proved, and it is believed

that gravity and its laws operate throughout the boundless universe; but who can tell the nature thereof? Whether there is other than this one connecting link between the heavenly bodies,—whether "planetary influence" (according to Miss Burton's view) consists in maintaining an universal circulation of vitalic principles through ceaseless transmissions of elementary properties," acting and reacting in endless interchange,—or whether each planet be isolated and distinct with regard to its inherent organisation, are questions that may not be solved during man's occupancy of earth. But if invariably when these bodies in certain relative positions produce known results, certain changes in the atmosphere of our globe, and these relations are ascertained, and constantly recurring, and their times calculated, what is to prevent the foreknowledge of a state of weather for any given period? The authoress of the *Thoughts* contends that physical astronomy is a predictory as well as demonstrative science; and the directions given for framing atmospheric predictions according to the laws of physical astronomy are to define, "1st. the relative position of the earth towards all the solar planets at the given time; 2dly. the number of the actual aspects together with the class of each aspect, and its degree of angular power, or directness in that class; and, 3dly. the inherent natures of each planet thus in aspect, or in relative position."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jem Bunt. By the Old Sailor. No. I. London, 1840. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper. THE Old Sailor is too old a favourite with the public to stand in need of our recommendation. We rejoice to see him enter the lists again with a sea story (for none can tell one better), and promise us a monthly supply of the adventures of Jem Bunt. Of the first number, we shall only say that the *début* of the hero is both new and entertaining. To be at once the cause of an inter-parochial quarrel is some distinction to begin with; and the Orphan of "Nobody's Hole" bids fair to be somebody. The return of a frigate from a long Oriental sojourn is full of feeling, and, at the close, *launches* into seafaring humour. The embellishments are suitable and good.

[The other Number publications belonging to the class of polite literature continue to appear with unabated attractions. Tom Hood has rejoined our ranks in full force in the "New Monthly Magazine." "Master Humphrey's Clock" strikes weekly, and all the world deprecates the most distant idea of a winding up. Almsworth not only illumines "Bentley" with the fire of Guy Fawkes,* but in his "Tower of London" increases the interest; whilst Cruikshank outdoes himself in the plates, the effects of some of which are quite extraordinary. Stanfield's beautiful drawings continue to adorn "Poor Jack" (who is rich in matter), and are now transferred to the wood in a superior manner. The "Old Monthly Magazine" maintains an elevated literary stand, worthy of the best of magazine times; and O'Malley, and we know not how many others, afford us every month a copious *mélange* of pleasant reading. We ought not, among them, to forget the "Heads of the People," a characteristic and well-written work; nor the "Robinson Crusoe," "Devil on Two Sticks," and other highly embellished publications, with their numerous and admirable cuts. Surely, there is plenty of choice for the most fastidious public.—Ed. L. G.]

Nouveau Magasin des Enfants. 3 vols. 16mo. Paris, 1836. Risler.

THIS very nice collection for children has fallen into our hands by accident, and we cannot let slip the opportunity of recommending it to the

* We should also notice Crowquill's humorous whims.

numerous families in England whose children are instructed in the French language, more or less, almost from their infancy. It is very difficult to find good children's books in French. Either they are manufactured in England, and written in bad, crabbed French; or, if made abroad, they are not so well suited to English taste. The present volumes are, we understand, composed by an accomplished lady, who is a Protestant, and governess in the family of one of the most distinguished men of France. They are written in a style that is simple and pure, and, with much popular instruction, fit for children; they inculcate pious and moral lessons of a very high order, and in a manner well adapted to those for whose use they were written.

The Monitor. By Timothy Tickle. Nos. I. and II. London, 1840. Cunningham.

ANOTHER issue of a monthly publication, addressed to passing circumstances, and with illustrations by the author, executed by Robert Cruikshank. There are also accompanying illustrations in quarto size; and all of them extremely comic. We cannot say that we have yet discovered much humour or point in the text, as far as it has gone; but in the engravings there is more of originality, fun, and drollery, than we have been accustomed to see from this quarter. George Cruikshank is *alone*; and all imitations of him must fail: it is, therefore, judicious, as in the present instance, to strike at something new. The consequence is an amusing and laughable set of cuts.

The Return to England; a Tale of the Fourth Year after the Battle of Waterloo. By a Friend of the Service. 2 vols. 1840. London: Cadell. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

THE date is particular, and the designation or description of the writer not so clear. Of what service is he a friend—Army, navy, literature, ladies? There is no saying. The heroes are soldiers, the story of the novel class, with an assurance that the characters are drawn from life; and what with courtships, intrigues, seductions, elopements, marriages, and other botherations, all we can do is to express a hope that female readers, who like to dip into such matters, may like the performance of a "Friend of the Service."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

WOODCUTTING.

IN this age of mechanical ingenuity and improvement, when every few weeks bring forth something new and valuable, we have been very much pleased to witness an invention, patented by Mr. Taylor and Mr. Wilmot (we believe), for cutting wood into staves for all kinds of cooperage, shingles, park-pales, and, in fact, every use to which the material can be put. What we saw cut at the manufactory in the Borough Road were staves for casks and circular tops; the machines for larger pieces not being at work. Nothing can be more simple than the process, nothing more effectual, nothing so economical. The block of wood is submitted to steam for half or three-quarters of an hour, and softened; which not only does not injure the fibre, but by destroying animal life and vegetable fungi greatly improves the substance, and renders it more durable. It is then presented to the knives, either acting in a perpendicular direction and chopping right down, or set in circular iron plates, and working with immense velocity as they go round, cutting the block into the required forms in length, breadth, and thickness, with perfect accuracy. The stroke, or the circular

cut (as either machine is employed), are as easy as if it were slicing butter, and there is not a particle of sawdust, or chipping, or waste, of any kind. It is evident that an immense saving must thus be made in time, in manual labour, and in quantity of material. We should say that it cannot amount to less than thirty or forty per cent. Altogether the invention is one of extraordinary simplicity and universal usefulness for articles of every day consumption, such as wainscotting, box-making, joiners' and carpenters' work, &c. &c.; besides the other crafts and purposes we have already noticed. We congratulate the patentee on having devised what is so likely to be beneficial to the trade of his country and to himself.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

[Concluded from our last.]

JUNE 10. Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—1. 'Notice on the Sierra de Gador and its Lead Mines,' by Mr. Lambert. The Sierra de Gador, well known for its rich lead mines, is situated between the Sierra Nevada and the Mediterranean, extending nearly forty miles from west to east, and varying in breadth from five to ten miles. Its highest point is upwards of 6000 feet above the level of the sea. The southern flank is precipitous, and has at its base a plain composed of tertiary rocks. The western flank is also steep, but the northern rises more gently from the Almería river, which separates it from the Nevada chain. The principal mass of the Sierra is composed of limestone, which rests on clay-slate, and is overlaid by calcareous conglomerates. The limestone is generally traversed by veins of calcareous and fluor spars, frequently so disposed as to resemble the stripes on the skin of a zebra. It is also sometimes magnetic, on account of disseminated magnetic iron. The prevailing strike of the beds is from east to west; but the strata are frequently much disturbed, and dip in opposite directions. Mr. Lambert considers the limestone to belong to the most inferior of the transition series, because its stratification is conformable to that of the old rocks, constituting the nucleus of the Sierra Nevada, and because no organic remains have been yet discovered in it. At the eastern extremity the limestone is overlaid by beds of gypsum, containing masses and strings of native sulphur. There is no doubt the mines were worked by the Romans. The ore is generally found in nests, or masses, of considerable size, being largest where the strata are much disturbed; also in veins and branches of limited extent, which cross each other, and generally form a communication between the nests. In these cases the ore is accompanied by fluor spar. At the mine of Arnafe, on the western side of the Sierra, a vein, or mineral bed, occurs between two strata of limestone, conforming to them in strike and dip; and other similar instances are mentioned in the paper. Mr. Lambert is of opinion that these metallic deposits were of contemporaneous origin with the limestone; and he conceives that they are to a certain extent superficial, as there is no instance of ore having been found at a greater depth than 200 yards from the surface. Fragments of galena occur in the lower part of the open fissures, enveloped in a red earth, which also contains rounded or angular fragments of limestone: they have been also found in the alluvial detritus of the valleys and dry ravines, often in considerable quantities, and, in one instance, to an extent of more than 100,000 tons. Galena is contained in the mountain chains to the east and west of the Sierra de Gador, but in less abundance.—2. 'On the

Constant Presence of Polished and Striated Surfaces on the Rocks which form the Beds of Glaciers in the Alps,' by Professor Agassiz, of Neuchâtel. The phenomena described in this paper occur not only at the lower extremity, where they are exposed by the melting of the glaciers, but wherever the subjacent rock may be examined by descending deep crevices in the ice; and they are ascribed to the abrading action of grains of quartz, and other rocks moved by the glacier. That they were not produced by causes in operation anterior to the formation of the glacier, is evident from the scratches being constantly parallel to the direct movement of the ice, and sharp and fresh beneath existing glaciers, but less distinct in surfaces which have been for some time exposed to atmospheric influence. If an attempt were made to account for these scratches by the action of water, it would be necessary to imagine currents of enormous depth filling the highest Alpine valleys, and descending in opposite directions from the narrow crests which lie between them. In the upper part of the valley of the Visch, a rapid torrent runs beneath a glacier, corroding the bottom of the valley, and polishing the sides of its bed; but the polish is of a different description from that assigned to the action of the ice, and the detritus associated with it. The sides of the valleys adjacent to the actual glaciers are often polished and scratched at great heights above the ice, in a manner identical with the surface beneath it, and different from the polish of the bed of the torrent. The paper was accompanied by a series of lithographic sketches illustrative of the phenomena described by the author.—3. 'On the Occurrence of a Bed of Lignite near Messina,' by Dr. R. Calvert. This bed of lignite occurs up a fumeria to the left of Fort Gonzago, and about a quarter of a mile from Messina. It was applied by the English troops, during their occupation of Sicily, to culinary purposes, and the cavalry used it in their forges. The bed was about a yard thick.—4. A letter from Mr. Greaves, 'On the Discovery of Bones of Fishes, Birds, and Mammalia, in a Limestone Cliff at Eel Point, in Caldey Island, and Eighty Feet above the Sea.'—5. A letter from Mr. W. J. Hamilton, 'On the Occurrence of Rounded Fragments of Rock Crystal in the Hasting Sands, near Tunbridge Wells,' and calling attention to the inquiry whence the fragments were probably derived.—6. A letter addressed to Dr. Fitton, by M. Roemer, of Hildesheim, 'On the Formations between the Chalk and the Portland Beds in the North of Germany.' Chalk with flints, exactly agreeing with the chalk of England, occurs only in the Isle of Rugen, where it also assumes the character of a white limestone, with numerous layers of flint and the same fossils. M. Roemer considers it to be of the age of the Maestricht beds, although generally believed to be younger. In the north of Germany are also very thick deposits of sandstone and sandy marls, corresponding to the upper subdivision of the chalk. Characteristic fossils: *Pagurus Faujasii*, *Belemnites mucronatus*, and small corals. No ammonites have been noticed. Localities: Gehrden, near Hanover, Goslar, Quedlenberg, Halberstadt. Chalk without flints, agreeing externally with that of England, occurs at Peina and Luneberg; but it is replaced by sandy marls and sandstones near Ilseburg, Lemförde, and Dülmen. It contains *Belemnites mucronatus*, many scyphia, some species of ammonites, &c. Chalk-marl (Planer kalk) is extensively exhibited, and has every where the same characters as in England. It

contains no *Belemnites mucronatus*, but *Ammonites varians*, *A. Mantelli*, *Turritites costatus*, *T. undulatus*, *Plicatula inflata*, &c. The upper green sand occurs only near Dresden, and near Worl in Westphalia. Its fossils are *Ammonites falcatulus*, *Terebratula biplicata*, *Ostrea carinata*, &c. The Gault has not been clearly detected, but M. Roemer believes that a marl between Hanover and Hildesheim, and the blue clay near Ottbergen, may represent it. The lower green sand occurs in Saxony, near Celfeld, near Bilefeld, near Nattern in Westphalia, and near Aix-la-Chapelle. Its fossils are not very numerous. *Hilsconglomerate*.—This formation, first described by M. Roemer, consists of a yellowish or brownish marl containing quartz, schist, oxide of iron, and in some localities rich iron ores. It is found near Brunswick, Goslar, and near Essen on the Ruhr. Its fossils are very numerous, and agree in part with those of the lower green sand of England. M. Roemer considers that it may be the *neocomien* of the French geologists. *Hilsclay*.—This deposit, also first distinguished as a separate formation by M. Roemer, is a pure blue clay, 100 feet thick; and it is believed to be the equivalent of the Speeton clay of Yorkshire, as it contains many of the fossils of that bed described by Mr. Phillips. It occurs near Hildesheim, near Celfeld, at the foot of the Deister, near Hanover, and near Nenndorf. The weald clay of the north of Germany seldom includes strata of limestone and sandstone. Its fossils, without exception, agree with those of England. *Hastings Sandstone*.—This formation contains in the upper part beds of coal from one to three feet thick. The total thickness of the deposit is from 500 to 800 feet. It has yielded every species of fossils enumerated by Dr. Fitton in his paper on the strata below the chalk. The Purbeck beds consist of shelly limestones alternating with sandstones and concretions of grit. M. Roemer has noticed two 'dirt beds,' but has not yet found any remains of *Cycadeoidea*. The shells are partly freshwater, partly marine. The wealden group has been observed near Helmstedt; and M. Roemer hoped it would be laid open near Hildesheim. Farther westward it ranges from Hanover, by Mindon, to Iburg and Rheine, near Munster, yielding almost every where very good coal.—7. A letter to Dr. Fitton from Mr. Mackeson, of Hythe, 'On the Discovery, near the bottom of the Green Sand in the vicinity of that town, of portions of a large Saurian, supposed to be an *Iguanodon*.' These remains were first noticed by Mr. Mackeson in May, since which he has superintended the development of other parts of the animal, and he has carefully preserved every fragment for the purpose of their true nature being rigidly determined.—This being the last meeting of the session, the Society adjourned at its close to November the 4th.

PARIS LETTER.

Academy of Sciences, Sept. 8, 1840.

SITTING of August 31.—M. Tassan, in reverting to the results of the voyage of Captain Dupetit Thouars, mentioned another warm current that had been met with in the Northern Pacific. The ship being in 41° north latitude, at 200 leagues from the Kurile Islands and 320 leagues from Japan, found the temperature of the sea at the surface to be 26° 7' of the centigrade scale, or at an equatorial heat; a change of 2° 40' in latitude, and of 1° in longitude, gave a diminished temperature of 13°. This current of warm water gave rise to fogs, such as attend the gulf stream.—M. Arago

laid before the Academy the cases of the thermometographs of the Venus, used to ascertain the temperature at great depths; though a third of an inch in thickness, the brass had been completely flattened by the pressure of the ocean.

Geology of Algeria.—M. Boblaye addressed to the Academy some observations on the geology of the French provinces in the north of Africa. Two series of formations, observed at different points, stretched from the coast into the interior. The first was composed of the lias, oolitic, and cretaceous series, up to the tertiary Parisian strata inclusively; the latter extremity of this series having been observed in the plains S.E. of Constantina towards Aures. The other series, taking it from the interior to the coast, comprised the older tertiary strata, the large band of the middle tertiary, the sub-Apennine series, and the most recent formations of the latest tertiary epoch; these latter were on the immediate coast. On the coast, however, some older rocks appear; but it is evident that the carboniferous series, if there be one, is not in Algeria, but under the Mediterranean. In the interior of Algeria the summits of the mountains (tertiary strata) were 3600 feet above the level of the sea.

M. Pelouze communicated the results of an analysis of camphor from Borneo, sent to him by Mr. Christieson, of Edinburgh. It was produced by the *Dryobalanops*. The solid camphor produced the following formula,—C 20, H 36, O 2; the liquid camphor gave C 20, H 32, O 4.

M. Delafosse read a memoir on the mathematical and physical construction of crystals. He shewed that it was important to establish a difference between the integral molecule and the physical molecule; and observed that the true molecule has often a perfectly different form from that given by the cleavage.

A most extraordinary operation was performed the other day by Dr. Jules Guérin, on a young gentleman twenty-two years of age, who had all his muscles and tendons so dreadfully contracted that his knees were drawn up to his chin, his arms contorted, and his body the picture of most hideous deformity. The Doctor determined, after studying the case, to operate upon him by the sub-cutaneous section of his muscles; and a large party of the most eminent medical men of the capital, as well as some from Russia and Germany, were invited to be present at the operation. The patient, it may be at once premised, bore the whole with the greatest fortitude. [In giving the following enumeration of the muscles and tendons cut, we beg leave to remind our readers that we are no doctors ourselves, and that a geological section is much more in our way than a muscular one.]

Muscles and Tendons cut at the Elbows.

The two brachial biceps	2
The round pronators	2
The two radial anconators	2
The two common superficial flexors	2
The two small palmaries	2

Ditto ditto in the Forearm.

The isolated tendons of the two cubital anconators	2
The isolated tendons of the large and small palmaries	2
The isolated tendons of the two large abductors of the thumb	2

Ditto ditto at the Knees.

The sartorial	2
The two crural biceps	2
The two demi-membranous	2
The two demi-tendinous	2
The two right internals	2
The fascia lata	1
The lateral external ligaments	2

Ditto ditto at the Feet.

The two tendons Achilles	2
The two anterior leg-muscles	2
The two common extensors	2
The two extensors of the great toe	2
The two anterior peronial	2

Ditto ditto in the Body.
The grand pectoral muscle

Forty-Two!

The operation was conducted throughout with the greatest sang froid and courage: nothing but the *eric eric* of the bistouri was heard, or a faint sigh from the patient. When the poor fellow was thus *united*, his limbs were stretched out, and his course of clinical treatment commenced. In the evening he slept soundly, had no fever, and is now nearly recovered from his wounds.

The Minister of Public Instruction has formed into one joint committee the four *Comités Historiques* of, 1. *Langues et Littérature Françaises*; 2. *Chartes et Chroniques*; 3. *Sciences Physiques*; 4. *Sciences Morales et Politiques*. The new committee is to be called "*Comité pour la Publication des Documents Ecrits de l'Histoire de France*." The Minister himself is always to be President: M. Mignet, the historian, has been appointed Vice-President. All foreign and corresponding members of either of these committees become members of the joint committee. The first monthly meeting was held on the 31st ult. The *Comité Historique des Arts et Monuments* remains untouched, and is daily extending its sphere of utility, both as a stimulative and a conservative body.

In consequence of the lamented decease of M. Huyot, the architect who was charged with the restorations and the additional works voted by the municipality of Paris for the Palais de Justice, it became necessary to name some one who should be able to carry them on. M. Dommey, architect of the Palais, has been appointed, and M. Duc has been adjoined to him. A commission is to report on the actual state of M. Huyot's plans and drawings.

M. Neuman, Conservator of the Royal Library at Munich, has arrived in Paris, on his way to London.

The Eighth Scientific Congress of France was opened on the 1st inst. in the buildings of the Academy of Besançon. M. Tourangin, Prefect of the Department (Doubs), was elected President; M. de Caumont, first Vice-President; and M. Julien, of Paris, second Vice-President.

In the Faculty of Arts at Strasburg, during the August examination for degrees, forty-four candidates offered themselves for the degree of *Bachelier-en-Lettres* (bachelor of arts):—twenty-six were admitted, and eighteen had their degrees adjourned. In the Faculty of Arts of Caen, at the same time, fourteen candidates were examined; of whom twelve were admitted, and two adjourned.

Professor Strauss has announced a new system of Dogmatic Theology for publication. Two editors have offered him 2400*l.* for the work.

Counsellor-of-State Collins, of the Russian Academy of Sciences, died at St. Petersburg on August 4, 1840, aged forty-nine.

The King of Prussia has written an autograph letter to the poet Tieck, granting him an annual pension of 4000 thalers, or 560*l.*

The Emperor of Austria has conferred the order of Leopold on the celebrated traveller Charles Hugel.

The Italian Society of Sciences at Modena has elected Humboldt and Decandolle to be foreign members, in the room of Olbers and Poisson deceased.

On August 27th a shock of earthquake was felt at Milan. It came from N.N.E. to S.S.W. The magnetic needle was agitated before the shock actually occurred, and, after it had hap-

pened, remained at a considerable increase of inclination. On the same day, a shock was felt at Venice, from north to south. It lasted five seconds, and happened in both places at fifty-two minutes past noon. The motion was undulatory at Venice. The barometer in that city stood, at the time, at 28 inches, 4 lines: the thermometer was at 24.9 of the centigrade scale: the atmosphere was cloudy.

Sciarada.
Primo, Usa di me il cantor.
Secondo, Sempre diversi.
Intero, Italico scrittore.
Di prose e versi.

Answer to the last:—Terre-moto.

FINE ARTS.

DIORAMA.

THE subject of the new picture, "*The Shrine of the Nativity at Bethlehem*," besides its great inherent interest, affords ample range for the contrast and changes of light and shade—the peculiarities of the dioramic exhibition. The ever-burning lamps in the shrine, and those in the recess, marking the spot where the star rested, throw around their bright influence day and night; subdued, however, in the first view, and thrust back to their own immediate and narrowed circle by the glorious sunlight which streams through the windows of the church built over the hallowed stable. As day declines, and artificial light appears to gain the victory through patient perseverance, chasing away its powerful, and for a time overwhelming, antagonist, and widening its sphere of influence, the shadows gradually yield, and change their allegiance. Whereupon, as if to celebrate the favourable issue of the contest, lamp after lamp, and candle after candle, contribute to the splendour of the triumph. But now breaks upon the spectator's view a celebration of a more imposing character,—evening mass by the Franciscan monks in the church before him, whilst on either side are seen figures in the act of devotion before the holy shrine and altar. The prostrate monk at the golden star appeared to us peculiarly fine. Indeed, the whole is admirable, with, perhaps, one slight exception. And this would not have been remarked upon did we think that the notice of it would diminish in the least degree the richly deserved popularity of the beautiful picture, painted by M. Renon, from a sketch on the spot by D. Roberts, which we saw at the private view on Thursday, and which was exhibited to the public yesterday. The altarpiece over the recess, "*The Mother presenting the Child to the Wise Men*," is, in the night view, thrown into the deepest shade: in fact it entirely disappears. In spite, however, of the fourteen lamps burning underneath, which we are aware tend to deepen the shadows above, still we think there is sufficient light around to bring it somewhat into view: not, of course, so prominently as the picture of the "*Virgin Mary and Infant*," before which a lamp is suspended, but still sufficient to bespeak its existence. With this reserve we award the new work our cordial praise.

MUSIC.

CHAPELL'S COLLECTION OF NATIONAL ENGLISH AIRS.

[Second notice.]

ON the tune called "*The Carman's Whistle*" we have a very descriptive and characteristic note, which, though of length rather incompatible with our limits, we must quote for the mass of information it contains. This tune was—

"Arranged by Byrde, Queen Elizabeth's music-master, and contained in her 'Virginal Book'; the words from a black-letter reprint of the original ballad, in the possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq. This song is mentioned in a letter, with the signature of T. N., to his good friend A[nt]hony M[unday], prefixed to the latter's translation of 'Gerleone of England,' part ii. 1592, 4to. black letter. This letter was probably levelled at Thomas De-loney. 'I should hardly be persuaded, that any professor of so excellent a science (as printing) would be so impudent to print such ribaudrie as 'Watkin's Ale,'* 'The Carman's Whistle,' and sundrie such other.' The carmen of this age appear to have been singularly famous for their musical talents. Falstaff's description of Justice Shallow is, that 'he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies, or his Good-nights.'† ('Henry the Fourth, part ii. act iii. scene ult.) Again, in Ben Jonson's comedy of 'Bartholomew Fair,' Wasse says: 'I dare not let him walk alone, for fear of learning of vile tunes, which he will sing at supper, and in the sermon times! If he meet but a carman in the street, and I find him not talk to keep him off of him, he will whistle him and all his tunes over at night, in his sleep.' (Act i. scene 1.) In the tract called 'The World runnes on Wheels,' by Taylor, the water-poet, he says: 'And if the carman's horse; be melancholy or dull with hard and heavy labour, then will he like a kinde piper whistle him a fit of mirth, to any tune from above Eels to belowe Gammoth; of which generosity and courtesie your coachman is altogether ignorant, for he never whistles, but all his musike is to rap out an oath.' And again he says:—'The word carmen (as I find it in the dictionary) doth signifie a verse or a song; and betwixt carmen and carman there is some good correspondence, for versing, singing, and whistling, are all three musically.' Henry Chettle, in his pamphlet entitled 'Kind Hart's Dreame,' says:—'Now ballads are abusively chanted in every street; and from London this evil has overspread Essex and the adjoining counties. There is many a tradesman, of a worshippingfull trade, yet no stationer, who after a little bringing uppe apprentices to singing brokerie, takes into his shoppe some fresh men, and trustes his olde servantes of a two months' standing with a dosen groatesworth of ballads. In which, if they prove thrifite, he makes them pretty chapmen, able to spred more pamphlets by the state forbidden, than all the booksellers in London.' He gives the names of several of the songs, which are 'Watkin's Ale,' 'The Carman's Whistle,' 'Chopping Knives,' and 'Friar Fox-tail.'§ Burton, too, in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' says:—'As car men, hoyes, and prentises, when a new song is published with us, go singing that new tune still in the streets.' That music was formerly much more cultivated in England than now, as well as much more common as an amusement with the

lower classes, is a fact of which the most abundant proof can be adduced. From Chaucer's 'Tale of the Prioress,' it appears that, in the fourteenth century, 'to singen' was as much an established branch of the education of 'small children,' as 'to rede'; and Sir John Hawkins (vol. ii. p. 260), speaking of the religious houses, says that, besides being schools of learning and education, all the neighbours might have their children instructed in grammar and music, without any expense. Gayton, in his 'Festivous Notes upon Don Quixote,' 4to. 1654, enumerates, with others, barbers, cobblers, and plowmen, as 'the heires of music'; and the following extract from 'Orders appointed to be executed in the Cittie of London, for setting roges and idle persons to worke, and for releefe of the poore,* proves not only that music was taught in Bridewell and Christ's Hospital, but that it was considered an almost necessary qualification for servants, apprentices, or husbandmen. 66th (the last) Order. 'That the Preachers be moved at the sermons at the Crosse, and other convenient times, and that other good notorious meanes be used, to require both citizens, artificers, and other, and also all farmers and other for husbandry, and gentlemen and other for their kitchens and other services, to take servants and children both out of Bridewell† and Christ's Hospital‡ at their pleasures, &c.,' with further declaration that many of them be of toward qualitties in readyns, wryting, grammer, and musike.' One of the earliest songs in the English language is on the difficulty of learning music; and when minstrels had decayed, every event, however trifling, become instantly the subject of a ballad: 'In a word, scarce a cat can looke out of a gutter, but out starts a halfe peny Chronicle, and presently a proper new ballet of a strange sight is ended.'§ Nothing is more common in old plays than such passages as this:—

'Dandolo. News! what news?
Morello. Do you not hear on't yet? Why, 'tis in a Ballad already.'

SHIRLEY'S *Bird in a Cage*, 1633, act iv. sc. 1.

And in a pamphlet intended to ridicule the follies of the times, in 1591, we are told, that if men that are studious would 'read that which is good, a poore man may be able' (not to obtain bread the cheaper, but, as the thing be-
yond all most desirable) 'to buy three ballads for a halfe penny.'|| The custom of pasting them on the walls of rooms is also well known, and a subject of constant allusion:—'I'll now lead you to an honest alehouse, where we shall find a cleanly room, with lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the walls.'¶

'Come, buy all my ballads, I have no more;
Rich hangings for walls, or your chamber door:##

And from the time of the last of the minstrels, in the reign of Elizabeth, down to that of Charles the Second, there were a succession of writers who found it more profitable to turn every piece of news, and every political event, into a ballad, than to attempt the higher flights

* 'At London, printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Smith Field, at the Signe of the Golden Tunn,' 4to. n. d.; and reprinted in the 'British Bibliographer.'

† Bridewell is a foundation of a mixed and singular nature, partaking of the hospital, prison, and workhouse. It was founded in 1553 by Edward VI. Youths are sent to the Hospital as apprentices to manufacturers who reside there, and, on leaving, receive a donation of 10l. each, and their freedom of the city.

‡ Arundel MSS. 292, f. 71.

§ From 'Martin Mar-sixtus,' 4to. 1592.

|| 'Fearefull and lamentable Effects of two dangerous Comets that shall appeare,' &c. 4to. 1591.

¶ From Walton's 'Angler,' 1653.

From 'Folly in Print; or, a Book of Rhymes,' 1667.

of poetry. In 'The Actor's Remonstrance,' 1643, the author, speaking of the probable fate of our ablest poets, says, 'Nay, it is to be feared that shortly some of them (if they have not been forced to do it already) will be incited to enter themselves into Martin Parker's* society, and write ballads.'

'And tell prose writers, stories are so stale,
That pennie ballads make a better sale.'
PASQUILL'S *Morliness*, 1600.

The amusements of the ladies are thus described in an old song, about 1600:—

'This is all that women do,
Sit and answer them that woo;
Deck themselves in new attyre,
To intangle fresh desyre;
After dinner sing and play,
Or, dauncing, passe the tyme away.'

And none could pretend to the character of a gentleman who was unable to sing a song, or take his part in a glee, catch, or madrigal.† Morley thus quaintly mentions it in his Introduction, 1597: 'But supper being ended, and musike bookes, according to custom, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfainely that I could not, every one began to wonder; yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up: so that upon shame of mine ignorance, I goe now to seeke out mine old friend, Master Gnorimus, to make myself his scholler.' Every barber's shop had its lute, or cittern, for the amusement of waiting customers, instead of a newspaper, as at present; and Sir Richard Steele mentions the custom as still prevailing in his time: 'To this day the barber is still the same; go into a barber's any where, no matter in what district, and it is ten to one you will hear the sounds either of a fiddle or of a guitar, or see the instruments hanging up somewhere.' The barber, in Lyly's 'Midas' (1592), says to his apprentice,—'Thou knowest I have taught thee the knocking of the hands, like the tuning of a cittern; and Morley, in the third part of his Introduction, says: 'Nay, you sing you know not what; it should seeme you came latelie from a barber's shop, where you had 'Gregory Walker,' or a *curranta*, plaide in the

* 'Martin Parker wrote the famous song, 'The King enjoys his own again' (No. 234), 'You Gentlemen of England,' and many others.'

† 'A Century before this, serenading appears to have been as common in England as it is now in any part of Europe. This custom is satirised with great bitterness in the 'Stultifera Navis; or, Ship of Fools,' originally written in Dutch, by a lawyer named Sebastian Brandt, and afterwards translated into English, and turned into a satire upon the vices and follies of his own countrymen, by Alexander Barclay, in 1508. From the following humorous and descriptive lines, it appears to have been the practice even in the winter:—

'The furies fearful, sprong of the floudes of hell,
Bereth these vagabondes in their minds, so
That by no meane can they abide ne dwell
Within their houses, but out they node must go;
More wildly wandring than either bucke or doe.
Some with their harpes, another with their lute,
Another with his bagpipe, or a foolish fute.

'Then measure they their songs of melody
Before the doores of their lemanne's doore;
Howling with their foolish songe and cry,
So that their leman may their great folly heare:
And till the Jordan make them stande arreare,
Cast on their head, or till the stones flee,
They not depart, but covet there still to bee.

But yet, moreover, these fooles are so unwise,
That in colde winter they use the same madnes:
When all the houses are laden with snowe and yee,
O madmen amazed, unstable, and witless!
What pleasure take you in this your foolishness?
What joy have ye to wander thus by night,
Save that ill doers alway hate the light?

But foolish youth doth not alone this use,
Come of lowe birth, and simple of degree,
But also states themselves therein pause,
With some yonge fooles of the spiritualitie:
The foolish pipe without all gravitie
Doth eke degree call to his frantic game;
The darknes of night expelleth feare of shame.'

* A copy of this ballad is in the possession of G. Daniel, Esq. The tune is in Queen Elizabeth's 'Virginal Book,' arranged by Byrde; also in Dr. Bull's manuscript, before quoted.

† 'Good-Nights are 'Last dying Speeches' made into songs; such as 'Essex's last Good Night,' &c.'

‡ In abusing coaches, just then introduced, which injured his trade as a waterman, he says:—'Besides, the cart-horse is a more learned beast than the coach-horse; for scarce any coach-horse in the world doth know any letter in the book, when as every cart-horse doth know the letter G most understandingly.'

§ 'Friar Fox-tail' is another name for 'The Friar and the Nun.'

new proportions by them lately found out.' And in a marginal note upon 'Gregory Wallker,' he says, — 'That name in division they have given this 'Quadrant Pavan,'* because it walketh amongst the barbers and fiddlers more common than any other.' In 'The Trimming of Thomas Nashe,' 1597, speaking in praise of barbers, the author says, — 'If idle, they passe their time in life-befighting musique.' And among the woodcuts in Burton's 'Winter Evening's Entertainments,' 1687, is one representing the interior of a barber's shop, with a person waiting his turn, and amusing himself in the interim by playing on the lute; and on the side of the shop hangs another instrument, of the lute or cittern kind. In Ben Jonson's 'Silent Woman,' act iii. scene 5, Morose cries out, — 'That cursed barber! I have married his cittern, that is common to all men; which one of the commentators, not understanding, altered into, 'I have married his cistern,' &c. Again, 'Lord Faulkland's Wedding Night:—

* He has travelled, and speaks languages
As a barber's boy plays o' th' gittern.†

And Warde, in his 'London Spy,' says he had rather have heard an old barber ring 'Whittington's Belles'; upon a cittern, than all the music houses afforded. There are numberless other quotations to the same purport; but we fear it will be thought that too many have been adduced already.‡ The music of the barbers began, however, to decline about the commencement of the last century. In one of Dr. King's 'Useful Transactions,' he speaks of the castanets used in dances, and says: 'They might keep time with the snap of a barber's fingers, though at the present day, turning themselves to perriwig-making, they have forgot their cittern and their music; I had almost said, to the shame of their profession.' But independently of the growing rivalry of the newspaper, the barber's shops were then no longer visited by the same class of customers as the barber-surgeons of former days, who set their apprentices to play and sing to their patients, while they were letting blood, or binding up a wound. The recreation of music was, however, by no means confined to carmen and barbers; as many quotations might be adduced to prove the musical qualifications of cobblers, ploughboys, tinkers, blacksmiths, sailors, and even beggars and professed fools. In the second part of Deloney's 'History of the Gentle Craft,' 1598, he thus describes the meeting of a party of shoemakers:—'And coming in this sort to Gilford, they were both taken for shoemakers, and verie hartilie welcomed by the journeyemen of that place, especially Harry, because they never saw him before; and at their meeting they askt him and if he could sing, or sound the trumpet, or play upon the flute, or recon up his tooles in rime, or manfully handle his pike-staffe, or fight with sword and buckler?

* 'The "Quadrant Pavan" is in Queen Elizabeth's 'Virginal Book,' in Morley's 'Consort Lessons,' &c.'

† The gittern was strung with gut; the cittern, or cittern, with wire. There are also many allusions to the grotesque heads of the cittern, as in Ford's 'Lover's Melancholy':—

'Barbers shall wear thee on their citterns.'—Act II. sc. 1. And in 'Love's Labour Lost,' act v. scene 2, Boyet, alluding to Holofernes' grotesque appearance, compares him to a cittern head. The distinction between the gittern and cittern has hitherto been little observed; but that they were different instruments, although of the same class, is easily proved. Laneham, in his 'Letter from Kenilworth,' says: 'Sometimes I foot it with dancing, now with my gittern, or else with my cittern, then at the virginals.'

‡ 'A tune in 'The Dancing Master' is called 'Turn again, Whittington.'

§ 'We refer the curious to Henry Bold's 'Epitaph upon a Barber, who became a Great Master of Music,' 1685; to Jonson's 'Vision of Delight'; to 'The Mayor of Quinborough,' &c.'

'Beleeve me,' quoth Harrie, 'I can neither sound the trumpet nor play on the flute; and beahroe his nose that made me a shoemaker, for he never taught me to recon up my tooles in rime nor in prose.' Not being able either to sing, to play upon the trumpet or flute, Harrie was immediately detected as an impostor, as no true shoemaker could be so ignorant of music. We have already spoken of the 'Master Setter of Catches, used to be sung by Tinkers, as they sit by the fire, with a pot of good ale between their legges,' at p. 131; and we have abundant proof of their musical acquirements in the number of songs particularly applying to their trade, and which must have been written expressly for tinkers to sing.* The songs in praise of begging are equally numerous;† and that it was one of the necessary qualifications for the fool or jester to 'bear his part' in a song, appears from the character of Autolycus, in the 'Winter's Tale.' Our old English tars had a great variety of songs, many of the earliest of which had one favourite chorus or burden: 'Heave and howe, rumblowe.' Fabian says of John Norman, mayor of London, that he was the 'first of all Mayres who brake that auncient and olde continued custome of ryding to Westminster upon the morowe of Symon and Jude's daye;' he 'was rowed thither by water, for the which the watermen made of hym a roundell, or songe, to his great prayse, the which began, 'Rowe the bote, Norman, rowe to thy Lemman,' and so forth.' This very song appears to be quoted by Skelton, laureat, in 'The Bowge of Court:—

'Holde up the helme, loke up, and let God stere,
I wolde be merie what wind that ever blowe,
Heave and how, rumblow, row the bote, Norman, rowe.'‡

Bishop Hall thus censures the number of ballads published in his time (1597):—

'Some drunken rhymer thinks his time well spent,
If he can live to see his name in print;
Who, when he once is fleshed to the presse,
And sees his handell have such faire successe,
Sung to the wheele and sung unto the payle,
He sends forth thraves of ballads to the sale.'§

THE DRAMA.

We see it stated in the newspapers that *Drury Lane* is expected to open on the 3d of October; and Mr. Eliason as lessee, immediately expected from Germany, where he has been engaging performers.

Covent Garden.—This theatre opened on Monday with *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and the *Sleeping Beauty*, cast as last season, with the exception of Mr. Binge for Mr. Harrison, indisposed. Mr. Sheridan Knowles's play of *John of Procida* is announced in the bills as being in preparation, and to be produced immediately. The plot is connected with the memorable Sicilian Vespers; and the hero has already appeared in the Italian drama. No doubt Knowles will treat him and the story very differently. We also hear of another piece being forthcoming.

On Tuesday, Douglas Jerrold's *Rent Day* (we wish he had as many of them, we mean in the character of receiver, as his talents deserve) was

* 'There was a jovial tinker,' 'Tom Tinker,' 'The Tinker of Turvey,' 'Clout the Cauldron,' 'Hey, jolly Jenken,' &c.'

† 'From hunger and cold, who liveth more free?' 'There was a jovial beggar,' or 'A begging we will go!' 'A beggar, a beggar, a beggar I'll be!' 'Cast your caps and cares away, this is the beggar's holiday!' 'I am a rogue, and a stout one,' &c.'

‡ 'In the metrical romance of 'The Squire of lowe degre,' the king tells his daughter:—

'Your mayners shall syng a rowe,
Hey how and rumblowe.'

And the author of ancient satire, 'Cocke Loresles Bote,' speaking of sailors, says:—

'For joye their trumpettes dyde they blowe,
And some songe Heave and howe rumblowe.'§

produced at "the Little Theatre" in excellent style. Mr. Wallack, as *Martin Heywood*, gave all the freshness of the English rustic farmer—one might have fancied he had never crossed the Atlantic, or gathered histrionic laurels in another world; and all we could have wished was, that the gist of his strong and natural personation had not been in favour of an erroneous principle. But an author to be popular must please the people; and it is much easier to abet a public voice than resist a misrepresentable opinion. The stage is not the place for judgment but for passion; and the *Rent Day* is a stirring appeal to the heart. Mrs. Stirling, as the wife, acted charmingly; and Miss P. Horton, as *Polly Briggs*, afforded another instance of the pathetic combined with familiar life, which rendered both these characters very effective. In the *comique*, Strickland's *Crumbs* was a humorous delineation of the part; D. Rees excited laughter in *Bullfrog*, not without reminding us of the creature, whence his name, by his facial exercises; and J. Webster wanted only a little *spunk* to do full justice to *Toby*. The piece was altogether well performed, and met with the applause it merited.

The front houses of the *Adelphi Theatre* towards the Strand are levelled with the ground, so we may expect new entrances, and possibly more room and better accommodation. We have not, however, heard aught of the next campaign.

English Opera House.—The English Opera House announces the termination of its season at the end of next week; so that, at least for a while, Covent Garden will have all the playing to itself, always excepting the Haymarket, whose enterprising manager advertises several novelties, including an original five-act play. We are also told that Mr. Maywood is about to appear in a series of Scotch characters, which will be new to the majority of playgoers, it is so long since we had any representative of the *Sir Pertinax* and *Sir Archy* who used to adorn the stage in our younger days.

The Strand Theatre.—We were much amused one evening this week with Mr. Harper, who, as *Jim Crow*, gave us "Sich a Gittin' up Stairs" in inimitable style, and was deservedly encored. He is, we are informed, the great original imitator of the *nigger* character in America, and certainly it is a unique performance. He has not only a wilder "jump about" than Mr. Rice, but relies more on flexibility and capacity of mouth for the expression of negro humour, which, with the accompanying rolling of the eyes, is ludicrous beyond description. His "Coon" song is also good, but not so laughable. Mr. Hammond, we see, is announced to appear on Monday next.

Surrey.—Mr. Jones's tragedy of *Spartacus* was produced here, a short time since, with considerable success, and has been played to very full houses; but has been suddenly withdrawn by the author in consequence of the management refusing to play it more than three times a-week.

VARIETIES.

Landlip: Mount Ararat.—News has been received from T'edis, that at the end of June the whole of the upper part of the celebrated Mount Ararat, in Armenia, had sunk down. For some days before the phenomenon a hollow noise was heard in the interior of the mountain, which was clearly perceived in all the neighbourhood of the settlement on the extensive periphery of the mountains. It is said that only a large village and an Armenian monastery, dependent on the celebrated Etchmi-

Pulla Fishing.—In our second notice of Dr. Kennedy's work we quoted his account of the Pulla fishing (see page 526), which seemed to us so primitive that we wished, at the time, to illustrate it by a cut. We are now enabled to do so, and beg to shew this curious method to our piscatorial friends.



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